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LORD BEACONSFIELD.

A DAY or two ago there were two men in England known to the whole nation, and now there is only one. It is vain for detractors to explain away an undisputed pre-eminence. The proper office of criticism is to examine and explain the causes of Lord BEACONSFIELD's extraordinary position during his later years. The last two general elections, with their opposite results, were in popular estimation regarded as single combats between Lord BEACONSFIELD and Mr. GLADSTONE. On both sides other eminent politicians were engaged; but it was on the two lifelong rivals that general attention was fixed. That the antagonists were unequally matched in knowledge of public business and finance, in sympathy with democratic aspirations, and even in oratorical power, was an additional proof of the hold which the less favoured competitor had acquired on the national imagination. It has been for many years the fortune of Mr. GLADSTONE to swim with the stream, though skill and strength and courage to tread an opposing current would, in case of need, not have been wanting. Mr. DISRAELI, of whom it was not the least achievement that he made himself as well known by his later title as by his family name, seemed to owe nothing to luck. Though he was born in the upper middle class, his Jewish descent was an impediment to his rise; and, indeed, it might have rendered his career impossible but for his father's lucky quarrel with the authorities of the Synagogue. In his after years Mr. DISRAELI was not the selected nominee of the aristocratic party, though he led it for thirty years; and he never commanded the support of the multitude. He had also the disadvantage, if not the defect, of provoking strong personal animosities. Among the unwilling witnesses of his superiority are three or four spiteful libellers, who devoted themselves during his lifetime to the ignoble task of writing hostile biographies of the leader whom they feared and hated. His own nature was neither malignant nor revengeful, and he not unfrequently won over former antagonists when occasions of hostility had become obsolete. One cause of his success was his apparent, and perhaps real, insensibility to attack. Those impassive features offered no inducement to cultivate the dislike which is felt by those who have hurt an adversary. In more than one sense he seemed, like the ACHILLES of later fiction, to be invulnerable. His frequent inaccuracies and occasional contradictions of himself, proceeding from imperfect knowledge or from indifference, were never taken seriously. It was understood that he was occupied with the government of men or with the organization of a party, and that he trusted to others the details of legislation.

Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra,
Credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore vultus,
Orabunt causas melius, cœlique meatus
Describent radio, et surgentia sidera dicent:
Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento:
Hæ tibi erunt artes.

Mr. DISRAELI never understood the details of political machinery; but he supplied the motive power. The early part of his Parliamentary career was devoted to the establishment of his own position, as the necessary step to his further efforts. The leader of the party to which he attached himself endeavoured in vain to repress the ambition of his unwelcome ally, until, as Lord BEACONSFIELD records in his latest novel, "a gentleman who had never been in office" became

Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons. During the remainder of his life, Lord DERBY was guided and controlled by the astute and daring lieutenant who was destined to be his political heir. It was to Mr. DISRAELI that the Conservative party was indebted for its relief from the dead weight of Protectionist pledges. The opponents who denounced a cynical breach of consistency well knew that he had no economic convictions to repudiate. In common with a statesman extremely unlike himself, he regarded as of secondary importance the special issues which were involved in successive political contests. The first object of both was that "the QUEEN'S Government should be carried on"; and, in the later case, that the Conservative party should not be permanently excluded from power.

On many important occasions Mr. DISRAELI displayed wisdom and patriotism. It was under his direction that the Opposition maintained throughout the Crimean War a critical attitude which neither impeded the action of the Government nor offered encouragement to the enemy. It would not have been difficult to stimulate popular indignation against Ministers of whom some prosecuted a war which they disapproved, while others were intriguing against their colleagues in promotion of their own personal interests. Mr. DISRAELI brought his own followers through the crisis without impeachment of the character of the party, and with the credit of having in no instance compromised the national interests for purposes of ambition. The war had been ended for one or two years when Mr. DISRAELI organized the coalitions which forced Lord PALMERSTON on the first occasion to dissolve and on the second to resign. Of all the confederates, including Lord JOHN RUSSELL, Mr. COBDEN, and Mr. GLADSTONE, it may be said that the Conservative chiefs were the least inexcusable. It was perhaps not unfortunate for Mr. DISRAELI that he was three times the real head of Administrations which had no majority in the House of Commons. He had a sufficient reason for abstaining from legislation which was not the direction in which his genius lay. In or out of office he impressed friends and enemies alike with belief in his powers. At a time when faction was less violent and less supreme than at present, Mr. BRIGHT truly assured a meeting of his constituents that Mr. DISRAELI stood by the head and shoulders higher than his political allies. In his letters Lord PALMERSTON often recognizes the ability and the fairness of the leader of the Opposition. One of the greatest services which Lord BEACONSFIELD has rendered to his country was the steady pressure which he exercised both on his followers and his opponents in favour of neutrality during the American Civil War. Nearly all the Conservative party sympathized with the cause of the South; and yet, from the beginning of the war to the end, Mr. DISRAELI prevented the introduction of any motion which tended to interference. It was well known that the three principal Ministers were adverse to the Northern cause, though Sir G. LEWIS was supported by a majority of the Cabinet in resistance to a dangerous policy. At a later period Mr. DISRAELI's unrivalled influence alone reconciled the Opposition to the two Irish Bills which could not prudently be resisted when they had once been carried by large majorities in the House of Commons. With the adroit co-operation of Lord CAIRNS he induced the House of Lords to pass the Bill for the abolition of the Irish Church Establishment, in violation of the strongest prejudices, and in spite

of legitimate doubts of the beneficial tendencies of the measure. It is desirable that a statesman should be a competent judge of economic and social measures; but it is more important that he should possess the faculty of ruling men. Dispassionate historians will admit that, while Lord BEACONSFIELD has always been the real as well as the titular leader of his party, he has on many occasions saved them from serious errors, though he has, in his turn, undoubtedly committed mistakes.

It would not be convenient at the present moment to stir the hot ashes of recent controversy. Political passions have not subsided to the calm which befits a funeral celebration. Yet it may be said, without fear of contradiction, that in his conduct of foreign affairs Lord BEACONSFIELD was for once thoroughly in earnest. His participation in domestic affairs had often included an element of ironical contempt. In dealing with questions of peace and war he was zealously devoted to the cause of national honour and greatness. An unfriendly satirist once said that his familiar demon had deserted him as soon as he became serious and disinterestedly patriotic. It was unlikely that he should retain life and vigour long enough to retrieve the reverses which ended in his retirement from office. The regret which is now caused by his loss is suggested, not by his political triumphs or defeats, but by his genius and his force of character. There is no more wholesome and natural feeling than admiration of great ability. Lord BEACONSFIELD's political connexions excluded him from the enthusiastic applause of the great mass of Englishmen; and yet he was always regarded with good will and indulgence. Political zealots receive their good things in the form of hearty sympathy from the vulgar, with which they are identified in opinion and in feeling. A large and humorous intelligence receives credit for capacity to recognize its own shortcomings. It was always probable that Lord BEACONSFIELD would be the first to smile at any incidental blunder into which he might be betrayed. His writings would alone have made the reputation of an ordinary man. As literary compositions, they were better than his speeches, and they were still more fully replete with imagination and wit. If the political novels are in purpose too didactic, the doctrines which they inculcate are easily forgotten in the play of character and fancy. The moral of *Tancred* and the moral of *Gulliver's Travels* may be equally neglected by the judicious reader. Lord BEACONSFIELD will not be remembered by any special doctrine, though he promulgated many political propositions. His main achievement is that for more than a generation he led a great party and shared largely in the government of the nation.

CANDAHAR.

THE city and district of Candahar have already made good their claim to rank among the places known as graves of reputations. The reputation of Lord HARTINGTON for seeing all sides of a question, of Sir CHARLES DILKE for care in ascertaining the trustworthiness of statements made to influence the votes of the House of Commons, of the officials of the India Office generally for looking after important documents which the Government has promised to produce, all lie buried somewhere about the Douranee capital. But the largest contingent to the inhabitants of the Candahar reputation-cemetery has undoubtedly been furnished by the military profession. From the time of Sir DONALD STEWART's departure to the time of Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS's arrival the history of the military operations at Candahar was one long tissue of blunders and misfortunes relieved only by the gallantry of the 66th and the artillery at Maiwand. That unfortunate battle, and the hardly less unfortunate sortie during the siege, probably represent a point of professional mismanagement lower even than that of the operations round Laing's Nek. Although the Government of India could not be entirely acquitted of the disaster of Maiwand, it was certainly due directly to the ill luck or the misconduct of persons on the spot. Ever since the battle, according to an unfortunate habit of English military arrangements, a kind of squabble has been going on for the apportionment of this particular blame. It will be remembered that the Indian Commander-in-Chief complained bitterly, and justly, of the unsatisfactory nature of the official accounts of the battle. It was apparently felt

that something must be done, and various inquiries were held, arranged, or promised. Nothing, however, came of them but two courts-martial, which tried two regimental officers, Major CURRIE and Colonel MALCOLMSON, for misbehaviour in face of the enemy. Had these officers been found guilty, the result would have been sufficiently unsatisfactory. That they have been honourably acquitted makes the matter almost more unsatisfactory still. For, although the principle—unviolated in all our disasters of the last year or two—that the conduct and courage of subordinate officers can be depended upon without fear or limit has been once more established, it is to be feared that the inferences as to the conduct, if not the courage, of superior officers, compensate for this satisfaction.

The etiquette which in such cases makes the commanding officer the chief witness for the prosecution, if not the actual prosecutor, is a just one, no doubt, but it has its inconveniences. For it is almost impossible for an acquittal to be attained without damage to the character of the person who holds this invidious position. The trial of Major CURRIE, and still more that of Colonel MALCOLMSON, has certainly had that result. General BURROWS and his Cavalry Brigadier, General NUTTALL, practically undertook in these trials to prove that the misconduct of their officers made it impossible for them to save the day. Not only did they fail to show this, but their cross-examination brought out all sorts of things of a very unpleasant character which can hardly be left unsettled, and which yet are most unsavoury to inquire into. We need not attach much importance to some of the personal imputations made. That one account represents General BURROWS as having come out of action in the placid enjoyment of a cheroot, while another represents him as having been insensible across another officer's horse, will not surprise the student of military history. Mollwitz, Waterloo, Balaclava, scores and hundreds of other instances occur to the memory, and make the most laborious inquirer despair of making accounts tally. General NUTTALL's personal bravery is, we believe, beyond question, and his conduct under Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS redeemed more or less fully any deficiency of the qualities of a General which he may have shown at Maiwand. But his own unlucky admission, made long ago, that the cavalry were "out of hand," and that they would not "charge home," seems to make an attempt to criminate regimental officers idle on the face of it. For it must be remembered that the force under General NUTTALL's command, though it was dignified by the title of a brigade, was not composed of many different regiments, for the individual leading of which the Brigadier was bound to rely on colonels and majors. It was, indeed, made up of more than one corps; but it was not numerically stronger than a single cavalry regiment in most armies, and could certainly have been "in hand" to General NUTTALL himself, if to anybody. The incidental evidence against General BURROWS was much more damaging than that against his second-in-command. The statements made were not themselves the subject of cross-examination, and should, therefore, be accepted with reserve. But, if even part of them is true, the GENERAL showed both at the mutiny on the Helmund and at Maiwand itself a want of head which, except by some extraordinary favour of fortune, made disaster tolerably certain. The events themselves gave but too strong suspicion of this, and it is in the last degree unfortunate that the proceedings resorted to by the GENERAL to clear his own reputation at the expense of others should have resulted only in the strengthening of that suspicion.

While this unpleasant affair has been going on a good deal of interest has been felt in the possible compromise as to the abandonment of the Candahar district. According to the Calcutta Correspondent of the *Times*—a strong partisan, it is true, but also an exceedingly well-informed person—the greatest pressure is being put on the home Government to moderate the ardour of their scintling. For the present, we are told, not merely are Pishin and the Thall-Chotiali route to be occupied, but an advanced post is to be maintained at Chaman, the half-way house between Quetta and Candahar, so as to command the Khojak passes. The news seems almost too good to be true, but its truth is not wholly impossible. Even Lord HARTINGTON's stolid resolution must feel how exceedingly awkward it is to have obtained the Candahar division by something more than a *suggestio falsi* (the statement of Sir CHARLES DILKE) and by a very distinct, if unintentional, *suppressio veri* (the withholding of the opinions of Sir DONALD STEWART, Mr.

WHITLEY STOKES, and Mr. GIBBS). The general tendency of these powerful arguments of the members of the Indian Council was in favour rather of Pishin than of Candahar, and it may be acknowledged that the great mass of qualified military opinion tends the same way. It is understood, also, that perhaps the greatest authority on the actual question, Sir ROBERT SANDEMAN, who is now in England, has made personal representations to the India Office on the importance of retaining all that is necessary to make Quetta thoroughly tenable. It need hardly be said that no reasonable person will be disposed to taunt the Government with inconsistency if, at the eleventh hour, they condescend to listen to reason. In politics, even more than elsewhere, half a loaf is better than no bread, and a late and ungracious concession in matters of real national importance ought never to be treated scornfully because it is ungracious and because it is late. It is not at all unnatural that certain members of the Radical party, who have been accustomed to look at foreign policy merely as a convenient arena for party strife, should fail to understand that other people care very little for dialectic victory or for triumph in a division of the House of Commons, provided the interests of the Empire are safeguarded. These other people, though they may be somewhat suspicious of the chance of rescisance on the part of the Government, would be unfeignedly glad of it. The certainty, or all but certainty, of a Russian annexation on the north of Persia, extending almost to the frontiers of Afghanistan, the reported troubles in Herat, and the very lukewarm welcome which has been accorded to the AMEER'S representatives in Candahar itself, make a complete withdrawal from the border of Afghanistan not so much imprudence as madness. It is unfortunately a madness of which a Government with Mr. GLADSTONE at its head is fully capable. But some consolation may be found in the fact that the passion for scuttling has since the abandonment of Candahar was decided upon found another vent for itself. When Mr. GLADSTONE and his Ministry resolved to abandon Afghanistan, they had not realized the possibility of abandoning the Transvaal. It is but reasonable that in the enjoyment of this greater luxury they should consent to forego a part at least of the lesser, especially after their victory in the House of Commons. It will always be possible to quote that triumph—without, of course, any pedantic references to the methods by which it was obtained—even if Pishin and the approaches to Candahar are not finally relinquished.

THE LAND BILL.

A MEETING of Ulster representatives of Tenant-Right Associations has, as might be expected, passed resolutions in approval of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Land Bill. The supporters of the Government in England feel or profess satisfaction at the testimony which is thus given to the soundness of the measure. As the meeting avowedly considered only the interest of the proposed recipients of legislative bounty, its decision only proves that the tenants will gain largely at the expense of the landowners. A forcible transfer of property from one class to another is necessarily welcome to the recipients. It would be more to the purpose to show that the victims of expropriation are in any degree reconciled to their loss. The only sufficient excuse which can be given for such a proposal is that it is the alternative of greater evils. As a precedent it is purely mischievous, by shaking the confidence which has hitherto been felt in all rights of ownership. The mischief which results from even the unintentional recognition of a vicious doctrine has been abundantly illustrated by the consequences of the Act of 1870. Mr. GLADSTONE then repeatedly asserted both that the tenant would acquire no right of ownership, and that the whole measure was exclusively justified by exceptional circumstances. He now admits with a light heart that the occupier became under the Act a part-owner; and English and Scotch agitators, following in his footsteps, threaten the early extension of the doctrine of spoliation to all the land in the United Kingdom. Occupiers whose possession of the land arises wholly from deliberate and perhaps recent contract argue that they are entitled to the permanent enjoyment which is claimed in Ireland as a consequence of customary tenure. Irish agrarian theories will soon combine with

Continental Communism; and meetings of artisans will, like the Ulster Tenant-Right Associations, condescend to applaud legislation for the sacrifice of capital to the supposed interests of labour. In 1870 the landlords paid a fine of many millions sterling for the alleged security of the remainder of their property. They are now to be mulcted to a larger amount without any pretence of corresponding benefit to themselves. From the first clause of the Bill to the last there is no mention of anything in the nature of compensation. There can be little doubt that the pecuniary rights which the landlords retain will be exposed to additional risk. Mr. C. RUSSELL at the Belfast meeting was careful to remind the tenant-farmers that they owed the liberal provisions of the Bill to the violence of the Land League. Mr. PARNELL long since anticipated the statement by assuring his followers that the Government measure would be liberal in proportion to their turbulent activity during the winter. Hereafter landlords without duties, and with the solitary right of receiving their diminished incomes, will be exposed without defence to the attacks of demagogues. It will be easy to excite prejudice against absentee annuitants who contribute nothing to the cultivation of the soil. Indeed Mr. W. H. GLADSTONE, in a speech at Nantwich, taunted holders under the Landed Estates Court with their undoubted purpose of regarding their purchases as investments. The abolition of landlordism, as it is called by Mr. RUSSELL'S Land League friends, can only be effected by degrees. The present Bill, when it comes into operation, will have established the principle that private rights may be confiscated for supposed public benefit without any pretence of compensation. It is highly probable that periods of distress will recur at intervals; and the rent will again be regarded as the fund most readily applicable to the purposes of relief.

One of the many evil consequences of anomalous legislation is that a sacrifice to popular clamour tends to become irrevocable. Mr. GLADSTONE'S bid for tranquillity in Ireland will be henceforth regarded as the minimum of concession. Not only the agitators of the Land League, but the more respectable advocates of the claims of the tenants, have begun to suggest improvements in the Bill, of course with exclusive regard to the interests of the occupiers. One of these suggestions is that the judicial administration, which is of the essence of the Bill, shall not be entrusted to the County Court judges, who are accused of imperfect acquaintance with the relations affecting the land. The real objection to the tribunals is that they might probably be impartial, and that they would be guided by the rules of law. As there will be many thousands of litigated cases, it is clearly impossible that the Central Commission should act as a Court of First Instance; nor, indeed, would its intervention be desirable, if only one of the three Commissioners is to be a lawyer. If the County Courts are set aside, the power of arbitration must be vested in surveyors and in land-agents of an inferior class, the higher ranks of the profession being generally occupied by the representatives of the landlords. It will probably not be at present suggested that tenant-farmers should be employed to adjudicate between their neighbours and the owners of the soil.

The Bill in its present form supplies ample material for the acuteness of legal interpreters; and some of the clauses are so obscure as to countenance the rumour that Mr. GLADSTONE was himself chief draughtsman. No two commentators seem to agree as to the meaning of the fundamental provision for the assessment of a fair rent. The Court is directed "to have regard to the tenant's interest, estimated with reference either to the Ulster custom, or to the scale of compensation for disturbance." The former alternative might by itself be approximately intelligible. The Court would award such a rent as would leave unaltered the value of the tenant-right which existed before the passing of the Act. There might be some difficulty in the application of the rule, but the principle of valuation seems not unjust. The reference to compensation for disturbance is more perplexing. The amount of compensation ought in theory to vary in proportion to the rent; and it may be roughly estimated at a fourth, or, in some instances, at a third, of the value of the fee simple. If the Court is to deduct a third or fourth of the annual value before fixing the rent, the epithet "fair" is extremely unsuitable; yet it is difficult to construe the clause in accordance with common sense or justice. Mr. GLADSTONE can scarcely intend, while he establishes tenant-right for the

first time in three-fourths of Ireland, to define its value as equivalent to the amount of compensation for disturbance.

Lord MONTEAGLE, who has since the beginning of the controversy advocated the doctrines which are now embodied in the Bill, publishes an ingenious explanation of the doubtful clause. In his opinion, "the question for the Court would be, not 'what portion of the fee-simple 'belongs to the tenant as his interest,' but 'can the tenant at such and such a rent sell his interest for as much as the disturbance scale would give him?' And the answer, if the rent was fair, would certainly be, 'Yes, and more.'" Lord MONTEAGLE adds that on his Limerick estate there is no tenant-right, except what he has voluntarily created by giving thirty-one year leases, with right of sale. Several of his leases were sold in 1879 and 1880 for sums exceeding the amount of compensation for disturbance as proposed by the Bill. "The disturbance scale," he concludes, "seems to me to be referred to as a rough measure of what I have called this dormant tenant-right, in the absence of Ulster custom or the like." The most admissible argument which can be urged in favour of any provision of the Bill is that it renders compulsory the hitherto voluntary practice of a prudent and liberal landlord. Lord MONTEAGLE's equation between disturbance and actual, though unrecognized, tenant-right seems to be in some degree casual or arbitrary; but it is possible that he may have solved Mr. GLADSTONE's puzzle correctly, though he will do well to obtain, if possible, a more intelligible version of the clause. Obscure language used by a legislator who calmly admits that he gave the tenants a share of the land without intending it, is at the same time characteristic and dangerous. Honest and intelligent apologists for the Bill render a service to the public interest by facilitating an acquiescence which may perhaps be indispensable. It may be an unwelcome duty to pay at once the exorbitant price of Mr. GLADSTONE's Sibylline books. The Irish tenants cannot be expected to abate any part of the demand which is conceded by a Minister with an overwhelming majority at his back. Submission to irresistible force would be rendered more endurable by proof that the wrong suffered by the landlords is comparatively moderate. Only political purists contend that an intrinsically unjust measure ought to be rejected, even when those who suffer by its provisions consider the compromise unavoidable. The Opposition has hitherto displayed commendable moderation in suspending its judgment on the Bill, and its leaders will perhaps be well advised in not dividing on the second reading. Some of the clauses in the Bill are not intrinsically unjust, and the least objectionable portion of the whole relates to the advance of public money for the purchase of land. The apprehension that the annual payments by the purchasers would not be secure is probably exaggerated. English and Scotch popular opinion, which is adverse to the landlords as an aristocratic minority, would perhaps favour the rigorous exaction of debts due to the Treasury, as long as taxation is not wholly and finally dissociated from representation and from political power.

THE TUNIS EXPEDITION.

THE preparations for the French invasion of Tunis are now so far complete that, at the date of the most recent advices, the foremost columns were in sight of the camp fires of the Kroumirs. As a preliminary to further operations the French have decided to occupy the little island of Tabarka, situated at less than half a mile from the coast of Tunis, and eight miles from the nearest point of Algeria. A French vessel of war was sent to examine this part of the coast, and to select a spot for landing troops, if a landing should be thought advisable. As the vessel passed Tabarka it was fired on, although no damage was done. Tabarka is held, not by the Kroumirs, but by soldiers of the BEY; and, if the soldiers of the BEY have fired on the French, and the French are going to occupy an island held by the BEY's soldiers, it is difficult to see in what sense the BEY and France are not at war. But the BEY has adopted the politic course of denying altogether that a shot was fired from Tabarka, and, if his garrison retires before the French arrive, peace may still be held officially to continue. The BEY's small force, sent from Tunis under his brother, is marching in the direction of the Kroumir territory, and the BEY announces

himself as very much pleased with the cordial reception which the inhabitants of the districts through which his force is passing give to his soldiers. This cordiality is evidently due to the belief of the inhabitants that the soldiers of the BEY are going to help the Kroumirs, and fight the French. But the BEY gives official assurances that nothing of the kind is intended, and that his soldiers are not going either to help the Kroumirs or to attack them. They are to maintain an attitude of dignified neutrality, and to watch the French and the Kroumirs fighting out their difference. The French expeditionary force is put down at 20,000 men, and is under the command of General FORGEMOL, the most advanced column being commanded by General VINCENDON. How many Kroumirs there are to fight the French is probably unknown to the French commanders, and is certainly unknown to outsiders. They seem to grow in numbers, as the French want to have an enemy respectable enough to justify the magnitude of an expedition which nominally is only going to chastise a clan of mountain robbers; and the amount of Kroumir fighting men has now been run up to 15,000. Even, however, if this is an exaggeration devised for special purposes, the prudence of the French in operating with a large force if they are to operate at all is obvious. The French Government, although it may be quite sincere in saying that it has no wish to attack the BEY or occupy his capital, has many excellent reasons for wishing, if possible, to avoid anything like a check. As a rule, France, like other great Powers dealing with barbarians on their own soil, like Russia and like England, is accustomed to receive temporary checks, and not much to mind them. The great Power successfully uses after a certain delay more of its strength, and the check is retrieved. The history of the French occupation of Algeria has been a history of small disasters repaired at the cost of much money and many lives by great successes. France has hitherto thought little of temporary checks at the hands of African Arabs. It now has a new and sudden apprehension of the possible consequences of a check. It has reasons, partly military and partly political, for desiring that the work it has to do should be done quickly and effectually, and that this feeling should prevail throws much light on the character and bearings of the expedition, when viewed as an expedition merely meant to put down the Kroumirs. If it was intended to do great things ultimately, to advance on Tunis and bring the BEY to submission, the force employed would certainly not be large, nor the desire of the French for rapid success at all singular. But the Frenchmen who assert most positively that nothing more than the punishment of a robber-tribe is contemplated are as eager to finish with the Kroumirs as if a great thing was meditated, and they naturally have some special reasons for an eagerness which seems at first sight out of harmony with the very limited purpose which is said to be alone in view.

The military reasons for desiring a speedy and complete success refer partly to Algeria and partly to Tunis. There is always a danger that if the Algerian Arabs saw a chance of rising they would rise, and although they would be put down in the long run, it might cost France a serious effort to put them down. The French Government is perpetually alive to the insecurity of its tenure of Algeria. There are so many Arabs and so few Frenchmen. There is so much military expenditure to hold a country by which few individual Frenchmen profit. How acutely this is felt is shown by a proposal which the present Government has under its consideration. It contemplates the expenditure of no less than two millions sterling to coax new French settlers to go to Algeria. Individual Frenchmen may be proud of their country having what they think a magnificent possession, but personally they prefer not going there. As they will not go to Algeria as a matter of pleasure or business, they are to be paid to go there. This State is to buy colonists who are to be engaged in the useful, but arduous, task of overawing their wild neighbours. Hitherto schemes of this sort have not proved very successful; for, although Frenchmen have been found to take money to go to Algeria, they cannot be got to stay there when they have gone. In the next place, although the BEY may be too frightened to oppose the French openly, his subjects may be in a different humour. They do not like foreigners coming into their country, and they hate with a special and burning hatred those foreigners when they are Christians. A rising of the Tunisian population is more than possible if the Krou-

miris are not easily beaten. The BEY has not only formally protested to foreign Powers against the French invasion, but has alleged that he cannot answer for the safety of foreign residents in his dominions, and especially in his capital, if the patriotic and religious indignation of his subjects is once awakened. To this the French Government has given the simple answer that, if any foreigners are injured, it will hold the BEY himself and his Prime Minister personally responsible. This has had, at least for the moment, the desired effect. The BEY now thinks that he can protect foreign residents, and the foreign residents seem to think they may go on in comfort and security if the BEY is to be deposed, unless he manages to make them safe. But, although the BEY may be strong enough to maintain order in his capital, he is certainly not strong enough, and cannot be expected to restrain those of his more distant subjects who may wish to join the ranks of the combatants against a foreign invasion. The Tunisian Arabs would, of course, be subdued in the long run by France, but France would have a new, vexatious, and even an odious business to get through. To punish the Kroumirs, and more or less to frighten the BEY, is within the present French programme. To conquer the Tunisian Arabs is not. The obvious way of preventing this new difficulty arising is to give it no time to arise. If the Kroumirs are decisively beaten before the adjacent population forms any serious purpose of resistance, it will not resist. But a lingering war—if a contest between France and the Kroumirs can be called a war—would open the way to projects of general resistance which might gradually assume a serious shape.

The political reasons for desiring immediate success are still more urgent. This is the first occasion on which a French army has seen real warfare since the army was remodelled after the German war. For ten years France has been spending largely and working continuously to get an army unlike the army which was crushed at Gravelotte and Sedan—an army much larger, better organized, better equipped, and better led. France and Europe are now to see what this new army is worth, and what are the practical fruits of so much trouble and money. The present French army is, too, in an especial sense the army of the Republicans, and both Republicans and their enemies are keenly watching what this new army can do. A check to the army would be a check to the Republic. And the military authorities have frankly accepted the challenge to show on fair terms what the average of the French army is like. They have not sent a picked body of men, or men only who have been long with the colours. They have sent troops from all parts of France, and have among them sent men or boys who have only been months with their regiments. Local observers pronounce that the expeditionary force, as seen on the spot, is a force of great promise. The men are strong, healthy, intelligent, and longing to fight; the officers are on the most friendly terms with the men, and are anxiously attentive to their wants. Some young recruits have shown a want of marching power, and have dropped behind under the trial of an African sun. But, in one way, it may be said that the presence of such men in the force only makes it a more faithful representative of the army at large. There must be young immature recruits in every army that is based on the supposition that every fighting man in the country is to fight. And just as, in order that the general character of the army may be reflected in the expeditionary force, it is fair that there should be a certain proportion of young recruits, so is it fair, for the same purpose, that the expeditionary force should be large, for the largeness of the army is its present chief characteristic. As the force is typical of the army, both in its composition and its size, any appearance of inefficiency in the field would be more than usually mortifying to the Government which has created, and is responsible for, the army. Then, again, in the field of home politics, the Government has strong motives for wishing to get its Tunis business over as early as possible. The whole scheme of the invasion is fiercely attacked, as everything the Government does is attacked, by its habitual opponents. The Bonapartists say that it is a clumsy imitation of the expeditions of the Empire which the Republicans have so fiercely denounced. The Extreme Left say that it is not only a wicked waste of the money of the taxpayers, but is at bottom a manoeuvre of stock-jobbers. What they mean

when they say this is that last summer a group of French financiers bought Tunisian bonds when they were very low, and have run them up since on the credit of a French intervention, and the facile calumny of French criticism finds in these financiers the wirepullers of the Government. The Ministry can afford to despise idle tales of this sort, but it cannot avoid seeing that the best way to scatter criticism and rumour to the winds would be to get through its work rapidly, and to be able to say that criticism and rumour referred to a thing that was past. If it is possible, it would be in the highest degree convenient to the Ministry that a telling stroke should have been delivered before the Chamber meets again in three weeks' time; and it would be not only inconvenient, but even dangerous, to it if the session closed and the preparations for the new general election had to be made while a state of things half peace, half war, very costly, and not very creditable, was dragging on in Tunis.

SOUTH AFRICA.

THERE is no use in an indefinite prolongation of criticism on the conduct and termination of the petty war with the Boers. It is not likely that the respective partisans of national self-assertion and national self-abnegation should in the course of further controversy approach to an agreement. Politicians, like all others engaged in practical occupations, must accept accomplished facts whether they like them or not. The feelings which have been aroused by the conduct of the Government will find expression soon after the meeting of Parliament; and Mr. GLADSTONE'S announcement that he will not take an apologetic tone portends some bitterness of discussion; but a vote of censure on a Government with a majority of 150 is a hopeless experiment. The Opposition will have to console themselves for defeat by the knowledge that a large number of Ministerial supporters secretly share their own feeling of anger and humiliation. It is possible that the Government may by that time be enabled to furnish the country with authentic information as to the present condition and future prospects of the Transvaal or of its loyal inhabitants. The English Government cannot honourably repudiate its engagements to settlers and traders who invested their capital in the province after Sir GARNET WOLSELEY'S declaration that the territory was permanently annexed to the Empire.

When the peace was hastily patched up, the Ministry apparently forgot that there were other parties concerned in the settlement of difficulties besides the Government and the insurgents. Nearly all the local trade is in the hands of Englishmen, who consequently form the principal population of the towns and villages. There are also proprietors and tenant farmers, some of them of Dutch nationality, who have an undoubted claim either to protection or to compensation. It is said that in some instances the loyal residents have been expelled from their farms either during the short war or after the conclusion of peace. There ought to be no question of compensation in money, because there is no pretext for ejecting peaceable purchasers or lessees. The disturbance of storekeepers and jobbers would be still more wanton, especially as the Dutch farmers are not inclined to settle in the towns or to engage in commercial pursuits. It is possible that some accounts of the violence and injustice of the victorious Boers may be exaggerated, or that their misconduct may be partial and exceptional. Nothing which the English Government can do will tend so directly to an equitable arrangement as an exhibition of irresistible force within reach of the Transvaal. It is true that the timidity which has been already displayed may probably tend to reassure the violent party. If Sir EVELYN WOOD'S advice had been followed, the Government by a delay of two or three weeks might have dictated a reasonable settlement, instead of depending on uncertain negotiation. It is comparatively satisfactory to remember that the greater part of the reinforcements which were sent from England are still in South Africa. In case of need Sir EVELYN WOOD could dispose of a force of 10,000 men, whose services will not be required if the Boers are impressed with a belief that the English Government is in earnest. That with such a force an English general should have pledged himself not to occupy a position within the QUEEN'S dominions is not

the less humiliating because it is to be defended by apologies which are not to be apologetic.

The irritation with which the news of the peace was received by the English population of the Cape Colony indicates, among other things, the absence of serious alarm at the threats of the insurgents and their allies. The declaration of some of the Boer leaders that they were about to establish the independence of all the South African provinces seems to have produced no effect on the loyal colonists. They are much more disturbed by the recognition even in a remote territory of the supremacy of the rival race. For the present there is happily no appearance of a serious feud between the English and the Dutch inhabitants of the colony. A possible change of Ministry at the Cape bears no resemblance to an impending revolution. The threatened attack on Mr. SPRIGG, who has now enjoyed an unusually long tenure of office, may perhaps have some connexion with the untoward events in the Transvaal; but it is more naturally explained by the tedious progress of the Basuto war. The Colonial Government is wholly responsible for the rupture, which would not have been precipitated if Mr. SPRIGG and his colleagues had anticipated the obstinate resistance of the natives to disarmament. The Dutch colonists have never heartily supported the policy of the Government, and the burden of the actual contest has fallen on the English volunteers. The next election will probably turn on the question of the Basuto war, while it will at the same time be a trial of strength between the Eastern and Western provinces. The Imperial Government and its representative can well afford to be neutral. The war with the Basutos has been to a certain extent undertaken and prosecuted for the purpose of asserting colonial independence. The Cape Ministry from the first announced the not discreditable resolution to bring the war to a close by their own unassisted efforts. The aid of Imperial troops was of course not gratuitously tendered; but, if it had been offered, it would probably have been rejected. From time to time Lord KIMBERLEY formally reserved to himself the right of intervening on due occasion for the protection of the natives, but his claim was never acknowledged by the Colonial Government, and it is evidently destined to be inoperative. When the Basutos are finally subdued, the victors will, without risk of interference, dispose of the spoils. If it was intended that the Imperial Government should permanently protect the natives, the colonists ought not to have been invested with the privileges of responsible government. It has never been found possible to combine the exercise of any kind of Imperial control with the modern form of colonial independence.

The abandonment of the right and duty of protecting the natives from the possible oppression of their white neighbours may perhaps not be eventually injurious to their interests. The Colonial Government has been justly proud of its success in dealing with the tribes on the northern and eastern frontier. Friendly natives living in the colony are not even excluded from equal political rights, though it is necessary to take care that they shall not acquire even local predominance. The franchise has been fixed at such a level as to admit a few of the most prosperous and intelligent natives; while the remainder, though they are provisionally excluded, are not exposed to any formal disqualification. The disarmament of the Basutos was only impolitic, and therefore unjustifiable, because their feelings and personal pride had not been duly appreciated. As Mr. SPRIGG said, they had no use for arms except to rebel, inasmuch as they had no foreign enemies to fear, and there was no large game in the country to shoot. The formidable resistance which the colonial troops have encountered has, in a certain sense, justified the fear of rebellion; but, if the Basutos had been for the time let alone, some of them might have been enlisted in the colonial service, and the remainder would gradually have become exclusively devoted to pacific occupations. The demand for a surrender of their arms was considered both as a threat and as a humiliation. Many of the Basutos believed that their allegiance was only due to the QUEEN, and that the Colonial Government was guilty of usurpation. Small pains had been taken to explain the transfer of sovereign rights from the mother country to the colony. It is not improbable that more serious complications may result from the surrender of dominion in the Transvaal. The boast of Mr. JOUBERT, that no slaves were manumitted during the period of English occupation, is compatible with the un-

doubted existence of compulsory servitude in the province. If the capture of native children continues to be customary, the Boers will from time to time be involved in border wars with neighbouring tribes, of which some are akin to the bulk of the population of Natal. It is not improbable that the Zulus, the Swazis, and other Eastern tribes will accustom themselves to regard the English as their natural protectors and allies; but it is premature to speculate on the social and political conditions of the future. The defence of the English and loyal Dutch inhabitants of the Transvaal is a more urgent duty than the protection of the natives. The transient annexation, now that it has ceased, leaves the coloured population in the same state in which it found them. European residents have in some instances settled in the province on the faith of official assurances; and they have of late incurred the resentment of their present rulers by their acceptance of English sovereignty. The assertion of their rights will scarcely involve blood-guiltiness, unless, indeed, it should become inconvenient or dangerous, like the Transvaal war, when the English troops had been three times defeated.

THE BRIGHTON REVIEW.

SOME useful notes on the Easter Monday Review at Brighton were contributed by a military Correspondent to the *Times* of Wednesday. The general result, both of this and other criticisms, is decidedly favourable to the Volunteers. They have immensely improved since the days when these Brighton Reviews were chiefly valuable as showing that they had still everything to learn except readiness to be taught. Great complaints, for example, used to be made of the unmilitary demeanour of the men who spent the previous Sunday at Brighton. They commonly wore their uniforms, because they had nothing else to wear, but they did not in the least behave themselves like soldiers. This time they are described as saluting promptly and accurately every officer whom they meet, and this single circumstance says a good deal for the change that has come over them. The difficulty used to be to get the Volunteers to regard themselves as soldiers, except when they were actually on parade. They did not understand that a soldier has other duties than marching and firing, and that, as a Volunteer's opportunities of practising these other duties are few, it becomes him all the more to make the most of such as present themselves. A man who has learnt to salute an officer as a matter of course has made considerable progress in this direction.

Military efficiency is so largely a question of money that it is not surprising to find the Military Correspondent put an increase in the Capitation Grant either in money or in kind among the first of his recommendations. Volunteers, as he very justly says, cannot be considered fit for service unless they are provided with a great-coat, a water-bottle, and a haversack; but on Monday he noticed that many of the men arrived at Brighton with one or more of these items in their outfit wanting. There are two very obvious reasons why these deficiencies should at once be put right. However improbable an invasion may be, it ought not to be regarded as improbable where the Volunteers are concerned. As they exist in order to be useful in case of invasion, nothing that would really be needed to make them useful ought to be left uncared for. It would be an annoying addition to the confusion which would certainly attend a calling out of the Volunteers if a large number of great-coats, haversacks, and water-bottles had to be provided at a moment's notice. The other reason is that these articles are a sensible addition to the weight which a soldier on the march has to carry, and it is not desirable that a Volunteer should begin his first real campaign under a heavier load than that to which he has been accustomed on a field day. An increase in the Capitation Grant seems to be demanded, even if the equipment of the Volunteer is to remain as complete as it is. The other sources from which the funds of a Volunteer corps used to be fed are gradually drying up. Payment of an entrance fee is scarcely ever demanded. Local contributions have been generally discontinued. Officers are not able, or do not care, to pay as large subscriptions as formerly. No one has any right to complain of these shortcomings. So long as the utility of the Volunteers was an open question, it was natural that the Government should be unwilling to spend money on what might turn out to be

an unsuccessful experiment. It was for those who believed in the movement to show their faith by their works. Now the utility of the Volunteers has been established, and the nation knows not only that for every shilling laid out in making the Volunteers more efficient it gets a solid return in the shape of additional security, but that this expenditure brings in a larger proportionate return than almost any other which the military authorities can suggest. It cannot be supposed, therefore, that a proposal to increase the army estimates in order to provide a larger Capitation Grant for the Volunteers would meet with any appreciable opposition. "A Military Correspondent" makes a sensible remark with regard to the commanders of Volunteer regiments. *Primâ facie*, he admits, lieutenant-colonels of Volunteers should be ex-officers of the regular army. As a matter of fact, however, these ex-officers are usually men who have left the army for some years, and, what is worse, have left it because they cared but little for it. Consequently, they represent at best the military proficiency of a past time, and they seldom care to acquaint themselves with the many changes that have recently taken place in the drill of the regular army.

The principal disadvantage of Brighton as the site of a review—the immense crowd that the spectacle attracts—was very evident on Monday. The Volunteers could not always manœuvre freely, by reason of the pressure of their attendants, and the difficulty of observing the movements of the enemy, necessarily great from the clouds of dust raised by a strong east wind, was increased by the dense smoke of the burning furze, which had been set alight out of sheer mischief by the Brighton roughs. The number of spectators makes it additionally difficult to secure the necessary ground. The mischief done by those who come to see the Volunteers is far greater than that done by the Volunteers themselves. On Monday, for example, there are said to have been eight or ten times as many lookers-on as there were Volunteers, and they were practically under no control whatever. The town of Brighton undertakes to pay for all damage done; but there is a good deal of damage which is very annoying to a farmer, and yet cannot very well be expressed in unimpeachable figures. As it was, most of the regiments which came from London on the day of the review brought their food with them, and it is extremely desirable that the habit of trusting for supplies to taverns and refreshment-rooms should receive all possible discouragement. The regiments which march to the ground would not mind having to go under canvas for a night or two; indeed, the opportunity of doing so would make the review additionally profitable. Practice, no doubt, has made the Brighton Railway Company exceedingly perfect in making arrangements for the transport of the Volunteers; but it would be well that other Companies should have a chance of showing that they can do equally well.

The appearance and drill of the men seem to have been on the whole very satisfactory. The troops "were thoroughly in hand, and were easily manœuvred." They were quiet, silent, and fairly deliberate in their fire. In the march past many of the corps went by in admirable order, and but few in a manner to call for positive blame. On the return to Brighton several battalions marched as briskly as though they had only been out for an hour. On the other hand, there was some carelessness in skirmishing, and in two places the Military Correspondent saw outposts stationed in places where "a whole division might have been collected out of sight 200 yards in front." Possibly it was the consciousness that they were placed where they could be of no use that induced two of the men to smoke "while lying down watching the enemy." "A Military Correspondent" notes that, if the corps he saw at Brighton are a fair sample of the whole force, at least 5 per cent. must be deducted from the effective strength of the Volunteers on the score of the men being too young for their work. This fact ought of course to be borne in mind whenever numbers are of importance to a calculation; but there would be good reason for contentment if no worse a thing could be said of the regular army.

THE FRENCH OPPOSITION.

THE Republican party in France is more fortunate in its enemies than in its friends. The approaching general election will find the moderate element within the

party more powerless than ever. Its one chance of existence seems to be that M. GAMBETTA, when he comes to the head of affairs, may have both the willingness and the ability to cut himself adrift from the Extreme Left. As yet there is no distinct evidence that this is his intention; but there are several considerations which point to it as one which he is likely to entertain. The hostility of the Extreme Left is now so pronounced, and their preference for M. CLÉMENTEAU so unmistakable, that M. GAMBETTA can apparently have nothing to gain by any longer attempting to remain their servant. His desire to have the *Scrutin de liste* substituted for the *Scrutin d'arrondissement* may perhaps be explained by the fact that, according to the most probable of the conflicting opinions which M. BARDOUX's Bill has called forth, the *Scrutin de liste* will tend to discourage extreme views in Parliamentary candidates. M. GAMBETTA's speeches, again, have of late been marked by a rhetorical ambiguity which may be meant to conceal an approaching change of front; and such a change must, almost of necessity, be in the direction of moderation. In any offers that he might make to the Extreme Left he would certainly be outbidden by men who were not hampered by any actual or prospective acquaintance with the conduct of public affairs. Still, when due allowance has been made for this contingency, a possible revolution in one man's policy is but a poor foundation for a party to be built on. Poor as it is, however, the moderate Republicans seem unable to command a better. The truth is that the natural development of the Left is checked by the overpowering personality of M. GAMBETTA. It is of no use for any less conspicuous politician to offer himself as a leader to the moderate section of the Republicans so long as it is certain that M. GAMBETTA must in the end take the Government into his own keeping, and uncertain how he will handle it when he has done so. The only Minister who has shown any disposition to hold his own against M. GAMBETTA speedily found it impossible to do so in office, and has apparently not thought it worth while to renew the experiment since his resignation. Times, or, at all events, men, have changed since M. THIERS declared that France was Left Centre. If this can still be said with any truth, the Republican party must represent her with singular inaccuracy. A moderate Republican in France is as badly off as a moderate drinker at a meeting of total abstainers. He is equally hated by extremes of all kinds.

If the enemies of the Republic could but lay aside their internal quarrels, they might perhaps profit by the collapse of moderate views in the majority. A Conservative Opposition can ask for nothing better than a consistent preference for extreme views in the party in power. It gives them constant opportunities of gaining over all who regard these views with uneasiness or dislike, and saves them the trouble of framing a programme. When a Government is suspected of meditating some attack upon religion or property, an Opposition has only to give notice that it will do its best to defend them. Unfortunately for the French Right, the Government of the Republic has not as yet shown any inclination to make property less secure. That satisfaction, at any rate, it has steadily refused to give its foes. They have consequently had to make the most of the religious question, and in its present phase the religious question does not readily lend itself to the purposes of an Opposition. Still, if they could but agree among themselves how to treat it, something might be made even of such unpromising material as the dispersion of the religious orders. The unknown has always an element of terror in it, and the religious policy of the present Government might conceivably be made alarming by reason of the obscurity in which it is involved. They may mean to do nothing more than they have done already; but, as they can only stop short at the sacrifice of consistency, it is open to the Opposition to maintain that they must be judged by their theory rather than by their practice, and that, from this point of view, further attacks upon the Church may confidently be looked for. But, from one cause or another, the Opposition are unable to turn this opportunity to much account. They are divided into at least four sections, each one of which distrusts or denounces all the rest. Not only can Bonapartists and Royalists no longer combine against the Radicals, but Bonapartists and Royalists are themselves divided upon matters in which some amount of agreement is indispensable to any common action. The Bonapartists are at issue as to the place which the dynastic idea

is to hold in their calculations. The Royalists are divided upon the extent to which the interests of the Monarchy may be subordinated to those of religion. The followers of Prince NAPOLEON, who may fairly regard themselves as the legitimate Bonapartists, are ready to forego for the present all reference to the Empire. They have ceased to be Imperialists, and claim to be considered good Republicans. The only thing they stipulate for is that an alteration should be made in the mode of electing the President. The old-fashioned Bonapartists labour under the serious disadvantage of being at issue with the natural heir to the Empire, and at issue with him mainly upon religious grounds. Prince NAPOLEON and M. DE CASSAGNAC have very different ideas as to the tone which a Government should adopt in dealing with the Church. They can agree in condemning the action of the Government in particular cases; but, inasmuch as the one assails the morality and the other the prudence of what has been done, their agreement is not worth much.

The divisions in the Royalist camp are of a different kind. The Bonapartists could live in decent harmony but for Prince NAPOLEON'S reputation as a Freethinker. The Royalists are of one mind as regards religion, but they differ as to the relation which ought to exist between religion and politics. Since the final triumph of the Republic, the Legitimists have treated the cause of the Church as indissolubly associated with the cause of the monarchy. It is impossible to fear God unless you also honour the King. The defeats which have hitherto befallen the Conservatives have been due, as they not obscurely hint, to the unholy alliance with the Bonapartists into which the Royalists allowed themselves to be drawn. The break up of the MacMahonist coalition has put an end to this danger, and the friends of religion have now to take care that under no pretence shall any similar alliance be concluded. The moderate Royalists, on the contrary, build their hopes on the reconstruction of the old Conservative coalition on a sounder basis. A restoration, they say, is past praying for. So long as Frenchmen remain in their present minds—and no signs of any proximate change are visible—the Republic is the only possible Government for France, and the recognition of this fact is an indispensable condition of taking any useful part in public affairs. As Catholics they are bound to subordinate their political preferences to their religious convictions. They would rather see religion respected, and the Church free under a Monarchy than under a Republic; but this is not the form in which the question now presents itself. They cannot bring about a restoration; but if good Catholics would agree to lay aside politics, and give all their energy to the defence of religion against its Radical assailants, there would be a fair chance of gaining the day. It is hardly necessary to discuss the probabilities of such an ending to the quarrel between the Republic and the Church, because this preliminary condition is altogether wanting. Good Catholics are not agreed, and are not likely to be agreed, upon the propriety of laying politics aside. M. DE FALLOUX and the Archbishop of PARIS, and even the POPE himself, may be of opinion that the Church is above parties, and that she ought, if a Republican Government consents to respect her rights, to be as loyal to an elected President as to an anointed King. This is not a platform on which a Legitimist can possibly consent to stand. His business at this moment is rather to proclaim to his countrymen that, no matter how exalted may be the position of those who preach it, an alliance between men of all parties who wish to see religion respected is an impracticable dream. The altar is higher than the throne; but it must, not the less, be built upon the throne. In other countries the two ideas may be dissoluble; but in France Providence, manifesting itself in history, has decreed that they shall be for ever united. So long as doctrines of this kind continue to be preached by one section of the friends of religion, the other sections can hardly hope to escape the unpopularity which attends them. The Legitimists cannot serve the Church in their own persons, but they can at least ensure that Catholics of more moderate views shall not be able to serve her any better.

ELEMENTARY TEACHERS.

IT is so natural, and even desirable, that a man should magnify his office that we are not disposed to quarrel with the National Union of Elementary Teachers for magnifying theirs. Its members have this week been holding their annual Conference; and even a glance at the report of the proceedings will do much to enlarge the reader's view of the grandeur of an elementary teacher's work. There is a great deal, no doubt, to be said against the existing Educational Code; but we were not prepared for the sweeping accusations which were directed against it at the Conference. Indeed, it seems likely that the faults which we detect in it would be regarded by the Union as the salt which alone preserves it from utter decay. In a paper on its defects, which was read on Tuesday, no reference was made to the exaggerated importance which the Code attaches to extra subjects, or to the want of some better provision for ensuring that elementary subjects shall be really learned in elementary schools. Indeed, the commonplace arts of reading and writing do not seem to have been referred to during the proceedings. The first demand which the author of the paper suggests that the Union should make is one for the abolition of what has long been supposed to be the main security that dull children will be taught these arts at all. Even an elementary teacher, magnificent as is the place he holds in the universe, is still human, and, being human, he will always be tempted to take more interest in clever children than in dull ones. He is helped in some degree to resist this temptation by the provision which makes the Parliamentary grant depend on the examination of the individual scholar. Without this there would be no guarantee that the education of dull children would be properly looked after. They might form the majority of every elementary school, but the teacher might safely neglect them, because in the examination the Inspector would naturally be brought in contact with the children who could and would answer his questions, rather than with the stolid mass of silence in the back rows. An examination of a class or of a school is necessarily an examination of the sharpest children in that class or school. However determined an Inspector might be to go behind the show children, he could not help addressing his questions to the children who showed a disposition to answer them; and, by judicious arrangements, these children might be distributed over the room so as to insure that the Inspector should never draw an absolute blank in any part of it. The examination of the individual scholar is a sufficiently tedious process for all concerned, but it does do something to ensure that the still more tedious process of teaching the individual scholar has not been omitted.

Another claim put forward by elementary teachers is that they should have less clerical work in the shape of returns to the Education Department. It is a very natural demand on their part, for, of all known employments, filling up forms is perhaps the dullest; but, like many other dull things, even filling up forms has its uses. Every year a larger amount of public money is spent upon elementary education, and these forms are one of the principal means which the Government has for ascertaining that the money laid out has brought in some return. If they can be sure that a certain proportion of the children on the school register have attended so many times in the year, and that, of those who have attended so many times in the year, a certain proportion have passed the Inspector's examination, they know that the outlay has gone to the instruction of the children generally, and not to that of a select minority. What is the good of making school attendance compulsory if the Government are to have no way of finding out whether the law is obeyed or disregarded? The returns made by the teachers do supply such a way, and, troublesome as it may be to make them out, we sincerely hope that they will not be allowed to forego the duty. A third grievance is the exclusion of elementary teachers from the office of School Inspector. This is described as "a fatuity at which foreigners stand aghast," on the score that it keeps the work of inspection out of the hands of those who are most capable of doing it. We are not inclined to defend indiscriminately the competence of HER MAJESTY'S Inspectors of Schools. They have become by degrees a very large body, and there are naturally very many degrees of merit among them. Nor do we deny that there are shortcomings in elementary teaching and in

elementary teachers which would be more readily detected by men who have actual experience of a teacher's work than by men who have always looked at it from the outside. But against these reasons for the selection of elementary teachers as Inspectors there is to be set the important fact that an Inspector drawn from the ranks of elementary teachers would, as a rule, protect the public only against the idle or inefficient members of his former calling. What is quite as much wanted, however, is protection against the too ardent and ambitious teachers—the teacher who is continually forgetting, and helping school managers to forget, that elementary and secondary education are distinct processes, and that the subjects which have their proper place in a secondary school ought for that very reason to be excluded from an elementary school. The present race of Inspectors do give us some protection against teachers of this type; and though it is possible that some concession might usefully be made to the natural desire of elementary teachers to be inspected by their peers, we should be sorry to see it done until the distinction just referred to has been authoritatively recognized.

Mr. Justice BOWEN has this week drawn attention, in a speech at a middle-class school meeting, to the urgent need that exists for making national education more complete and comprehensive. One of the very first results of any efficient scheme directed to this object would be to remove from elementary schools a large percentage of their present teachers, and from the elementary curriculum a large percentage of the subjects now comprised in it. The higher education is amply provided for in this country; primary education is, as regards the kind of instruction given, more than sufficiently provided for. But middle-class education does not exist except in a fragmentary and chaotic state, which hardly deserves the name. There are good middle-class schools, no doubt, to be found; but it is entirely a matter of chance where they are found. An old grammar school lingers on in one town; an endowed school has been unearthed by the Endowed School Commissioners in another; a teacher of unusual zeal and ability has created a good private school in a third. But sporadic instances of this kind do not make a system of education; and we see little chance of anything better being set up until the simple truth that elementary schools are designed for the teaching of the elements is more generally taken in.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW ON "THE OXFORD SCHOOL."

IT might seem rather curious that a review of the first volume of the *Life of Bishop Wilberforce* should appear some time after the second, which is divided from it by an interval of more than a twelvemonth, has been before the world. But in fact the writer of the article in the new number of the *Edinburgh Review* on "the Oxford School" does not concern himself much with the work he professes to be criticizing, and still less is there any need for us to return here to the examination of a volume which was thoroughly dealt with in our columns on its first appearance, and in a spirit very different from the present reviewer's. The biography, or, as he prefers to call it, "the High Church hagiology" of the Bishop is simply made a peg on which to hang a quasi-historical—we mean an unhistorical—sketch of what the reviewer is pleased to designate throughout the Oxford School of 1834. The arrangement of dates is indeed altogether somewhat enigmatical, though its startling peculiarities may be partly credited to the printer. When we are informed, for instance, that in 1851 a fierce attack appeared in the *Quarterly Review* from Bishop Wilberforce's pen on the volume of *Essays and Reviews*, which was not published till ten years later, or that "the movement which began at Oxford in the year 1844 came to a sudden termination in the year 1845," it is charitable to acquit the writer of any graver fault than an extraordinary negligence in the correction of the press. But no such excuse can be pleaded for his reiterated assertion that what has been popularly known for the last half-century as "the movement of 1833" began in or about 1834. And what makes this blunder the stranger is that he actually refers—for a purpose of his own to be noted presently—to Mr. Keble's famous Assize Sermon on "National Apostasy," preached at Oxford on June 14, 1833, which Cardinal Newman tells us in the *Apologia* he has always kept as the birthday of the movement. These however are points of minor importance. The leading aim of the article is to show by an historical retrospect that Dr. Newman was quite mistaken in saying the Liberals drove him from Oxford, and that in fact "the Liberals"—by whom are here meant the Broad Churchmen, and notably "this Journal"—always consistently supported the Tractarians, as they are of course on their own professed principles bound to do, against the narrow and fanatical intolerance of their Evangelical or red-tapist

opponents. The general drift and even the details of the argument are in very close accord with a similar contention urged more briefly by Dean Stanley some months ago in *Macmillan's Magazine*. Both papers are marked by the same sophistical ingenuity of reasoning and picturesque audacity of paradox; only the *Edinburgh* writer, who is a good deal more elaborate in his method of presenting the case, has also committed the fatal indiscretion of a more vulnerable precision in his statements of fact.

We may premise that the writer betrays from his very first paragraph a temper of mind which essentially disqualifies him for fairly appreciating the merits, we do not say of the Tractarian but of any "religious movement," as such. A religious movement must from its nature be based on some kind of enthusiasm about religion, and that is just the element in the matter with which he has less than no sympathy. It is only natural perhaps that an *Edinburgh* reviewer of the conventional type should deprecate any "depreciation of the religious [or irreligious] character of the eighteenth century," and should even think it "an advance and not a retrogression" from the preceding age, though it is a little odd that he should suppose the recent publications of Mr. Hunt and Mr. Lecky have given us "almost for the first time" any means of forming a judgment about it. It may be equally natural for him to think that a work which has made so deep an impression on all religious minds from that day to our own as Law's *Serious Call* was "amazingly over-estimated by [its author's] contemporaries." But even an *Edinburgh* reviewer might have been credited with sufficient moral and religious discrimination to save him from classing together men so utterly dissimilar in every respect as *Hoadly*, *Berkeley*, and *Butler*, as common types of episcopal virtue and Christian graces in their day. But the explanation is not far to seek. Bishop Hoadly, though he occupied, during nearly half a century, one rich See after another, can hardly be said to have left his mark on any of them, but he did indirectly leave his mark on the Church of England in a way which has secured him the warmest gratitude of the reviewer, for his publication of a Socinian volume and its censure by Convocation led to the suppression of that body, whose "revival from its state of long repose" in our own day, chiefly through Bishop Wilberforce's efforts, is here spoken of as a sign of national degradation. It is characteristic of the same habit of mind that the reviewer should include in his sweeping indictment not only a restored Convocation, diocesan Synods, Church Congresses, and clerical conferences—in which he can see nothing but a "rage for public meetings and large assemblies"—but even "missions and revivals," which in some shape or other form part of the religious machinery of almost every Christian community, Catholic or Protestant. However, it seems these unhappy missions "are conducted on strictly ecclesiastical principles," and we cannot therefore wonder at the inevitable result, that "a parish which before had seemed to be as the garden of Eden is turned into a howling wilderness." This general estimate of the religious side of things may help to explain the notion, which would also be simply unintelligible to any tolerably competent judge, that "the apostolical succession, the revival of obsolete rubrics, together with one or two Patristic tendencies, were the staple of" Tractarian teaching. But it is hard to understand how even the most unappreciative outsider can imagine that the movement had "an entirely political origin" and character, and can refer in proof of it to the famous "Catholicus" Letters of Mr. Newman in the *Times*, which deal exclusively with the supreme importance of the religious element in education.

There are other curious idiosyncrasies of the writer's on which one might be tempted to linger. But, after all, it is his own affair if he likes to think that Dr. Newman's principal works "leave no trace on the mind," that there is not "in the whole range of historical or theological thought a single subject on which he has left his permanent mark," and that his Oxford Sermons—which have pretty well revolutionized the whole preaching of the Church of England—are but "the reverberation in a more subtle, though not a more commanding form," while "lacking the vigour and originality of" Dr. Arnold's School Sermons at Rugby—excellent in their way no doubt, but in a different and much humbler way, and scarcely equal to the Harrow Sermons of his distinguished pupil, Dr. Vaughan. On such points however the reviewer must be welcome to his opinion. It is a graver matter when he elaborately insinuates, under a thin disguise of officious apology, a charge of insincerity against Dr. Newman, and supports it by direct misstatement. Petavius "has" not "told us," in the passage cited in the *Grammar of Assent*, "that the doctrine of eternal punishment has never been defined in the Catholic Church," but merely that a particular theory about the condition of the lost (*damnatorum hominum*), held by many Catholic Fathers and divines, has never been condemned. Neither is it the least true that, in expounding the doctrine of the Trinity, Dr. Newman "rests his foundation on the verse which is known by every scholar not to be genuine," if by "resting his foundation on the verse" is meant—what alone could give any relevancy to the reviewer's comment—citing its authority. He merely takes the words, without marking them as a quotation from Scripture at all, as containing one of "the separate propositions of which the dogma consists," and so of course they do. But it is in recounting, or rather rewriting, the history of the Oxford Movement that the reviewer's paradoxical passion for inaccuracy—to put it mildly—becomes most prominent. We will not stay to inquire whether he is right in summarily

rejecting the general belief that Dr. Hampden's Bampton Lectures were largely indebted to the aid of Blanco White, but "a comparison of Blanco White's writings with the few other works of Dr. Hampden" has to many competent judges seemed to prove, not that the theory is "totally groundless," but that it is pretty certainly correct. Whether these long forgotten Bampton which scarcely any one has seen or thought of since the accidental notoriety once more bestowed on them by the author's appointment to a bishopric in 1847, are "acknowledged by most intelligent students to afford the best solution of many of the perplexities of Christian theology" is a question on which the reviewer must be left to form his own judgment. It turns of course on whether the not inconsiderable number of "students" who happen entirely to disagree with him are all of them unintelligent. He must be aware that Dr. Hampden did not "avenge himself by (merely) compelling candidates for theological degrees to debate on topics to them studiously offensive," but by compelling them to defend theses which they believed to be false as a condition of taking degrees indispensable for retaining their fellowships.

But the reviewer's grand point is that, when the onslaught was made on Tract XC., and "a cry of anguish went up from Dr. Newman's adherents," thereupon "the Liberal party of the Church of England, which from the days of Lord Falkland had never been extinct," &c. &c., at once came to their rescue. And this is a question not of opinion but of fact. Dr. Newman insists in the *Apologia*, and when his statement was challenged repeated in fuller detail, that "the Liberals drove him from Oxford." The reviewer declares, like Dean Stanley in *Macmillan*, that he is entirely mistaken, and that they did their best to keep him there. What are the facts? The *fons et origo* of the whole attack was a formal protest against the Tract handed in to the Oxford authorities by four tutors, of whom one was Mr. Tait of Balliol—the present Archbishop—who is metamorphosed by the reviewer into its "generous" defender, and another was Mr. Wilson of St. John's, afterwards well known as one of the most "neological" of the *Septem contra Christum*, as a witty Don nicknamed the writers in *Essays and Reviews*. Both these were leading men among the young Liberals or Broad Churchmen of the day at Oxford, not "two or three elderly Liberals." Their two associates, the late Mr. Churton of Brasenose and the present Warden of Wadham, were pronounced Evangelicals. Of this famous protest of the Four Tutors, which, we repeat, originated the attack on "the illustrious author of the whole Tract movement"—who was not by the by thought very illustrious by his Liberal critics then—the reviewer characteristically makes no mention at all. Dr. Newman has put on record that on that occasion not a single Liberal took his side, that "excepting the Liberal no other party, as a party, acted against" him, and that in consequence of the proceedings then taken he finally left the University. But the reviewer passes *currente calamo* from 1841 to 1845, when Mr. Ward's *Ideal* had provoked a renewal of the conflict, and declares that even those Liberals who had hesitated before rallied then to the defence of the persecuted Tractarians, and "especially this Journal," i.e. the *Edinburgh Review*. It is true that in 1845, when Dr. Newman had long retired from the contest, and when it was feared that too stringent a policy might drive a large number of his followers to Rome, some of those who had taken a prominent part against him in 1841 adopted a course more consistent with their professed principles of toleration, and opposed the imposition of a new religious test, not however so much from any generosity to the Tractarians—who certainly did not owe them "the smallest gratitude"—as from a well-grounded apprehension that it might be turned with fatal effect against themselves. They came forward, as Dr. Newman himself says, "to shield from the zeal of the Hebdomadal Board," not one, but professedly all parties throughout the country who had to subscribe to the Articles, and especially of course their own. But their efforts, such as they were, would have proved unavailing, but for the courageous interposition of the two proctors—Mr. Church, now Dean of St. Paul's, and the late Mr. Guillemard of Trinity—who put their veto on the obnoxious decree; and both these proctors, though the reviewer omits to say so, were pronounced high Churchmen. He says indeed that they were thanked for their conduct by almost every conspicuous Liberal of the Church of England. If so, "this Journal," as we shall see presently, cannot then have been conspicuous for its Liberalism. But he is not content with citing the acts of the living; he also evokes from his grave Dr. Arnold, who died three years before, but "would certainly," had he been still alive, "have voted in the ranks of Dr. Newman's supporters." We have a sincere respect for the memory of Dr. Arnold, but we also know the bitterness of his avowed, and unquestionably conscientious, opposition to Mr. Newman, and we more than doubt the accuracy of this posthumous and hypothetical estimate of his conduct. What we do know, and what the reviewer himself admits, is that he was the writer of a fierce attack on the Tractarian party and its leaders, published in the *Edinburgh* some few years before, when the party was "at its culminating point of success," under the pleasant title of "the Oxford Malignants," in which they are charged with deliberate "falsehood," and the leaders, though "sufficiently insignificant as individuals," are said to be men "whose censure is to be coveted by every good Christian minister," while the entire party are labelled as "conspirators," "malignant fanatics," whose conduct is an amalgam of "the mingled fraud, and baseness, and cruelty of fanatical persecution," and who find their "only perfect prototypes" in "the malignant fanatics who, to the number of more than forty, formed a conspiracy to assassinate Paul."

It is more to the purpose however to refer—as the reviewer, we presume, has forgotten to do—to the articles which appeared in the *Edinburgh* at the very time of the controversy about Tract XC., when "this Journal especially" came forward as the generous champion of the oppressed. Did it? We have three articles before us. The first appeared in April 1841, and warmly commends "the excellent Resolution" of the Heads of Houses condemning Tract XC.—in response to the protest of the Four Tutors, which drove Dr. Newman from Oxford—but insists that this is not enough, and that "the University should, by some clear and indisputable act, declare that no man who adopts Mr. Newman's interpretation of the Articles can become, or continue, a member of its body," which is just what they attempted to do four years later, when they were only foiled by the "courage and magnanimity" of the two high Church proctors, which the present reviewer so highly extols. We pass on to October 1844, when the second storm was brewing, which overwhelmed Mr. Ward and his *Ideal*, and when the reviewer tells us that even those Liberals who had faltered in their Liberalism in 1841 generously put aside their objection to Tract XC. and came forward to shield its author and his friends from their persecutors. The *Edinburgh* for that month opens with an elaborate article of over sixty pages on "Recent Developments of Puseyism" in which the "scorn and sophisms" of men like "Mr. Ward, Mr. Newman, Dr. Pusey, and others" who have the hardihood to remain in the Church of England are sharply arraigned, and "the authorities of the Church" are pointedly invoked to find some means for getting rid of them. "Something," it is added, "ought to be done, and must be done, or effectual ruin will visit the Church." "The very flagrancy of such conduct as that vindicated in Tract XC., and consistently exemplified by Mr. Ward, has tended to disclose the full enormities of the system, and to show the perils to public faith, morality, and decency which it involves." It scarcely appears therefore that "this Journal" was resipiscient in 1844. But lastly we turn to an article on "Oxford and Mr. Ward" which appeared in the following April, when "the closing scene of the conflict" was over, and "the measure which would have been most fatal to the existence of the Oxford party was for the time warded off by the intervention of the two proctors." The reviewer says they received the thanks of all the Liberals for their conduct. What "this Journal" said at the time is that "of the three propositions submitted to Convocation, the first and second [censuring and unfrocking Mr. Ward] against each of which there were grave objections [i.e. they were probably illegal] have been carried. The third, [vetoed by the proctors] to which we should have supposed that every man of common veracity would have assented, has failed." And the article goes on to suggest that that Resolution should be again introduced as soon as fresh Proctors came into office. Much might be added as to the reviewer's paradoxical eccentricities, but space fails us, and we have perhaps said enough to enable our readers to judge what measure of credit may be attached to his historical reminiscences. He affects to hold a brief for the Oxford Liberals of forty years ago and the *Edinburgh Review* of the period, and no doubt, as the Irishman said, he "has his own consent" to the bargain; it is not equally clear that he has theirs.

THE CANT OF CONSCIENCE.

ONCE upon a time, the French Academy of Arts, owing to favouritism and caballing, defrauded a promising student of the Prix de Rome, his only chance of continuing the study of his art. At the same time the sculptor Falconet, who was executing commissions for Catherine of Russia, wrote to his friend Diderot asking him to engage this same student as an assistant for him, Falconet, at whatever terms he pleased. The good-natured philosopher ran off to show this to one of the honestest members of the Academy who had deplored, though he had not dared to prevent, the injustice. Thereupon the pious man lifted up his hands, and exclaimed gratefully, "La Providence! La Providence!" Diderot was not a pious man, but on this occasion he showed himself perhaps the better Christian of the two. "Est-ce que vous croyez," said he angrily, "que la Providence est faite pour réparer vos sottises?" It is to be feared that a very large number of persons do entertain precisely this idea of the nature and function of Providence. The habit is, however, perhaps venial; it is certainly scarcely disgusting in comparison with another habit which seems to have taken hold of a certain portion of the Liberal party of Great Britain in these days. Ever since Mr. Gladstone came into power, we have heard a great deal about the conscience of the nation; and the obstreperousness of this conscience since the conclusion of the Transvaal compromise has been almost deafening. There is Mr. Gladstone himself, who writes to Mr. Tomkinson that he is certainly not going to assume an apologetic tone about the Transvaal, and that "it was a question of sheer bloodguiltiness." No doubt it was a question of sheer bloodguiltiness, and the guilt rests pretty clearly on Mr. Gladstone himself. By the confession of his admirers, he overlooked in the hurry of the moment—that is to say, for something like a twelvemonth—the wrongs of the Transvaal. Till the insurrection broke out, he overlooked it again in the Queen's Speech; again in the early dealings with President Brand. This seems to call for a good deal of apology for bloodguiltiness. But it is a case of

conscience. Mr. Gladstone's conscience, according to a habit which it has, only pricks him when it is convenient. As long as the extreme Radical party seemed likely to content themselves with mere grumbling, it was quiet; when they threatened open revolt and organized agitation, the bloodguiltiness forced itself upon his mind. Mr. Gladstone's conscience is apparently a kind of repeater. It tells the moral time of day with the greatest accuracy—but only when it is directly appealed to by its owner or some one else.

It is not, however, with Mr. Gladstone that we purpose to deal at present. The remarkable organ or sense which he calls his conscience is an old friend to political psychologists. They have been accustomed for years to trace the many doubles and windings, the *chassé-croisé*, the backings and fillings, in which it indulges with his temper and the political exigencies of the moment for partners. It is, however, only since St. Stephen's and some other places have been filled with a generation whose simple creed is "There are no Liberals but ourselves, and Mr. Gladstone is our Prophet," that consciences à la Gladstone have become common among us. Now they are very common indeed. There is not a carpetbagger who found the letters M.P. tacked on to his name twelve months ago but can talk about the conscience of the nation and the God-fearing instincts of the English people. Since Liberal has become a term of no meaning, and Radical has scarcely lost its connotation of contempt, we beg to suggest that these persons should call themselves "the party of conscience." They have a kind of chaplain or lord high almoner of the guild already in the person of the Bishop of Manchester. We have a certain respect for Dr. Fraser, who has done a good deal of hard work—much of it very good work, too, in his time—and who has made the Church of England a good deal more popular in the North than it was. But though Dr. Fraser's intentions are always excellent, his judgment is very frequently at fault, and his taste is more often than not a minus quantity. Preaching the Spital Sermon the other day, the Bishop of Manchester seems to have set himself to show the benighted citizens of the capital how much better they order these matters in Manchester. In London, where, as is well known, nothing is known of politics, and the whole population feebly cooks its spleen in clubs and drawing-rooms, people think that political matters are best kept out of the pulpit. Dr. Fraser thinks they are best brought in. He must needs inform his audience that in the Transvaal we have reversed a policy which was not founded on justice and honesty, that the conscience of the nation was aroused, and that we have been saved from bloodguiltiness. Logic is never Dr. Fraser's forte, and he probably does not perceive that the acknowledgment of injustice involves the acknowledgment of bloodguiltiness. Enough of that, however. The impudent assumption—we beg the Bishop's pardon, but we can use no other phrase—that conscience is the appanage of one political party, is what is specially offensive in the mouth of a minister of religion. "There is hope," thinks the Bishop, "for a nation which recognizes the supreme obligation of God's law"; there is certainly not much hope for one which does not. But we doubt whether there is much hope for a nation or party which does not recognize God's law until it happens to be convenient to do so. The conscience of the nation and the Ministry, according to those excellent authorities, Mr. Gladstone and Dr. Fraser, appears to be singularly like the unjust judge in the parable. You must weary it night and day, you must administer good sound blows and kicks to it before it is, in the majestic language of its mouthpieces, "aroused." It is remarkably human this conscience, and not at all divine, as another Bishop, Bishop Butler, used to think and teach. You act upon it exactly as you act on a rather unfavourable specimen of mankind. You appeal to his interests when you can, to his fears when you can't appeal to his interests. The conscience of the Radical party—we really do not know why we should insult the nation, foolish as it may have shown itself to be, by admitting the right of Dr. Fraser to speak for it—is a conscience which is subject to most curious fits of alternate liveliness and torpor. When it is a question of regaining office, of healing divisions in the party, of bribing new adherents to join, this conscience is preternaturally active. When these questions are not to the fore, it sleeps the sleep of a just conscience and refuses to be awakened. This is the sort of conscience which is entirely blind to the iniquities of an Irish Church till those iniquities supply an easy stair to office; which thinks it dishonest confiscation to acknowledge tenants' co-partnership in 1870, and just statesmanship to establish it in 1881; which sees nothing but the necessity of re-establishing the Queen's authority in January, and nothing but a question of sheer bloodguiltiness in April. It is a kind of streaky conscience, tender and tough by turns, and the tender and the tough layers occur with the most marvellous precision at exactly the moment most convenient to the conscientious possessor. No doubt, whether to a man or a party, it is an invaluable possession and equipment for political warfare. It is like Sidney Godolphin in his early days—never in the way or out of the way. It never interferes with its owner in doing anything he likes to do, and is always at hand forbidding him absolutely to do whatever he does not like to do. It distinguishes him notably from the Pagan and Quixotic devotees of honour, the base and sordid followers of interest, while at the same time it allows him to consult his interests as much as he likes, and gives him something to plume himself upon as following a higher law than even honour itself. In short, conscience is your only wear for the enlightened politician.

Yet there must be some old-fashioned people left who regard this cant of conscience, this lugging-in of "God's law" and "God's will" as a kind of political makeweight to turn the scale in the speaker's favour, rather with disgust than with admiration. The story quoted at the beginning of this article must occur pretty often to such persons, and they must feel not a little inclined to alter Diderot's words into "Est-ce que vous croyez que la conscience est faite pour masquer vos bassesses?" The supreme point of moral obliquity has been said to be reached when injustice is decreed by a law; but there is perhaps a higher height, or rather a lower depth, where self-seeking and cowardly irresolution are cloaked and covered by the names of conscience and morality. A great outcry has been made about the famous words "To man I can be answerable, and as for God I will take Him into my own hand," though there is a very obvious interpretation of them which is orthodox, and indeed reverent enough. Mr. Gladstone and Dr. Fraser, however, may be acquitted of any such boldness as that of Claverhouse. They say, "To man I cannot be answerable, but I will make God an excuse for my proceedings." Conscience and religion are admitted to partnership exactly on the principle recorded in *David Copperfield*. It is highly painful to Mr. Tomkinson, and other people too, that England should act as she acted in the Transvaal; it is impossible to make good the withdrawal from Candahar against the arguments of the brutal expert; the robbery of the Irish landlords is in ugly contrast with the Eighth Commandment. Never mind. "They have a partner—Mr. Jorkins." It is their conscience that obliges them to do those things, and conscience—like Mr. Jorkins—is utterly immovable. The absolute deference paid to this mysterious partner is perhaps surprising in a party, not a few of whose members hold peculiar views on religion if not on morality. The force with which the conviction that the Transvaal peace is in accordance with God's law must act on Mr. Bradlaugh, for instance, must require a curiously-constructed dynamometer to estimate. The advanced philosophers, to whom conscience is a meaningless word, show a singular sensitiveness to its injunctions in approving the scuttling out of Candahar. But here one of the most convenient points of the conscience which we are discussing comes in. It has among its other versatile characteristics some of the marks of charity. It never questions the convictions of allies, it never discourages friends. The Atheist and the pious person who reads the lessons on Sunday in his parish church, the Evangelical and the philosopher who considers conscience a variety of indigestion, can put their heads and votes together for the glory of the Lord and the good of the Liberal party. The quality of this sort of conscience is very far from strained. It will take oaths which are meaningless to it; speak "polemically" things which it does not mean historically; declaim against a mechanical majority when the majority is against it, and appeal to a mechanical majority as settling all questions when the majority is for it. It is all things, not to all men, but to its fortunate possessor. But it is conscience for all that; and having, luckily or unluckily, power as well as authority, it does, as in the millennium of the other bishop (not Dr. Fraser), govern the world at this present moment. We have all heard of a Grandison-Cromwell—what shall we say of Cromwell-Tartuffe? At least this, and no more, that, if Sterne could come to life again, he would add to his famous sentence, that there is one thing more disgusting, if not more tormenting, than the cant of criticism, and that is the cant of conscience.

THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

MR. WATERHOUSE'S beautiful Romanesque building, which has been rising for so many years at the corner of Cromwell Road and Exhibition Road, was at last on Easter Monday thrown open to the public, who thronged into it in their thousands. It was perhaps to divert the mind of the populace from the fact that there is as yet very little to be seen in the new branch of the British Museum, that fussy officials at the entrance gave the visitors something to think about by taking away their sticks and umbrellas. There has been much correspondence upon this subject going on in the columns of the daily papers, and the case of one lame gentleman, whose crutch was demanded of him, does certainly recall the good old times at the British Museum when persons in livery were so unsympathetic to country cousins, and when aproned custodians thought nothing of smiting the nervous foreigner with a wet broom. Geological specimens and stuffed beasts are not particularly in danger from umbrellas. They do not offer the same attractions either to the idler or the iconoclast as are presented by works of fine art. It is perhaps still fresh in the minds of some of our readers that a lady who objected to the nude, a mute inglorious Savonarola, from some obscure dissenting sect, got into trouble about ten years ago for whacking the statues at the Crystal Palace with her umbrella; it is, perhaps, less widely known that a "young person" was once detected trying to pick out with the handle of her parasol the jewels in the great Carlo Crevelli in the National Gallery. The Portland Vase and the elderly maniac have become commonplaces in the history of the umbrella, used as an instrument of destruction. But, to the best of our belief, no such thrilling incidents have ever attended the natural history collections. The mad old gentleman who used to try to feed the stuffed bears with buns presented them always in his hand, and, moreover, did no damage whatever beyond making crumbs on the

floor. Only once, we believe, have the natural history collections found their way into the courts of justice, and that was when the Belgian stole the eye of the hippopotamus, and he, by his own confession, gouged it out with his thumb, and not with the ferule of either stick or umbrella.

The burning question of umbrellas being settled, the visitor has time to look round him. There is at present not very much to see; that, at least, is the first impression given by the lofty vault of the Typical Gallery, the empty pens on each side, the Bird Gallery, where even a London sparrow would attract attention, and the vast halls and corridors whither the zoology is one of these days to draw the great throng of sight-seers. The echoing floor of the long western wing may at least be trodden by the public, though nothing is arranged there; but the series of six galleries running north from this wing, and eventually to be dedicated to birds, shells, echinodermata, reptiles, insects, and fishes, are at present inaccessible and full of workmen. Upstairs it is just as bad on the western side; and in point of fact there are only two galleries, or suites of rooms, and these both on the eastern side, which are yet filled with specimens. The botanical collection is ready for the use of students, but still in too confused a state to be laid before the general public. All, therefore, that is to be seen is the mineralogy, arranged upstairs, and the palæontology, which occupies some exceedingly handsome and spacious galleries on the right hand as we enter the Museum.

Those who remember how closely and awkwardly the most interesting parts of the fossil zoological collection were pressed together at Bloomsbury, will note with surprise that they never realized until now how rich this part of the great treasure is. Since Dr. Peter Camper, in 1784, presented a jaw of the gigantic *Mossasaurus* from the Holland chalk, nearly a century has passed, and that donation has proved to be the nucleus of a vast and still widening collection. There are few objects so exciting to the imagination as these colossal fragments of antediluvian life. At the very entrance of the gallery, and in such a position as they never enjoyed before, we find on our right hand the remains of the *Toxodon*, that alarming rodent which, in shape like a mouse, but in size like a horse, gnawed and squeaked on a grand scale in the aboriginal forests of Buenos Ayres. The loves and wars of the *Toxodon* would have been worthy of the song of Homer; nor would the muse have disdained the slow progress through a groaning labyrinth of trees of the *Megatherium*, whose vast forearms and blunt huge claws are lifted in a minatory fashion from the pedestal in the centre of the small gallery at the extreme east of the building. The *Megatherium* was the prototype of which the curious little sloth of modern times is the degenerate descendant; it crashed lazily through the forests, gripping young trees in its paws, and stripping off the bark with a muscular, cylindrical tongue, to which the trunk of the existing elephant is a mere plesantry. Perhaps the most beautiful object in the south-east gallery is the skeleton of a male specimen of the gigantic Irish deer, *Cervus hibernicus*, which was found under the bogs in the county of Armagh, and which is so arranged that the noble arch of black antlers breaks the centre of the room, as the visitor enters, with a curve of surpassing delicacy and originality, forming a span of over nine feet. The Guide sold at the doors has several little eccentricities, due, we suppose, to the hurry with which it has been prepared. Not least puzzling among these is the sentence which refers to this splendid specimen:—

The *Cervus hibernicus*, so named from the abundance and perfect preservation of its remains, met with in the shell-marls.

This is equal to Bishop Latimer's instance of *non-sequitur*, "Tenterden steeple the cause of Goodwin Sands."

The corridor at the east end is almost entirely given up to the life-size plaster cast of the great marine lizard, *Plesiosaurus Cromptoni*, which was found in the alum shale of Whitby in Yorkshire. This huge reptile measures twenty-two feet from the end of its snout to the tip of its tail, and fourteen feet across its expanded paddles. It will be recollected that one of the most acute of living zoologists has identified the legend of the sea-serpent with the vagaries of some last lingering specimens of this extraordinary creature. A little further on, in Case 9, we come upon the remains of the great fossil salamander from the miocene of Eningen, which, when first discovered in 1726, was supposed to be the skeleton of the last antediluvian man, *homo diluvii testis*. These colossal forms, representing the reptiles, are, for the time being, all that the northern galleries have to show. The gallery intended to receive on one side fossil fishes, and on the other side fossil squids, ammonites, and such-like quaint Cephalopoda, is not yet ready for occupation. Gallery B, the western side of which is being filled with fossil Mollusca, and the eastern with Brachiopoda, Bryozoa, Crustacea, and Echinodermata, will, it is hoped, be ready very soon to entertain the public; while the other northern gallery, in which are sooner or later to be collected the corals and sponges, is not yet provided with wall-cases. When all these objects have been placed, a home will be arranged for the fossil plants.

It may perhaps be admitted that, except to specialists, a collection of mineralogical specimens is not particularly exhilarating. The great ball of dichroite which seems crystal white when looked at from one point of view, rich blue from another, and straw-colour from another, is perhaps the most entertaining object that the upstairs galleries have at present to show to the indifferent masses. The general collection of mineralogy is contained in forty-one table-cases, so arranged that each pair of opposite cases

properly forms a single series. At right angles to these cases is arranged at the end an assortment of "pseudomorphs," that is to say, of minerals which have been subjected to decomposing influences, and have lost their normal character. In the pavilion beyond there are to be found the very valuable and numerous collections of crystals and of meteorites for which the British Museum has long been famous, the Cranbourne meteorite occupying the place of honour at the end of the whole gallery. Among the crystals, those purchased with the Kokscharow collection in 1865 are particularly prominent, and are said to surpass all others in number and value. For those whose education in mineralogy has been neglected, Mr. Lazarus Fletcher has appended to the Guide above mentioned a very complete and interesting chapter on this particular science.

The building itself seems to be in every way commodious and spacious, as well as a striking piece of architecture. It is perhaps not generally realized that it is "the largest, if not the only, modern building" in which terra-cotta has been exclusively used for external façades and interior wall-surfaces. Mr. Waterhouse has displayed great ingenuity in his interior decorations. The walls and supports are covered with designs, in relief, of animals, reptiles, and fishes, drawn with a truth and picturesque freedom which remind us of Japanese metal-work. The designs on the western side of the building are taken from living organisms, while those on the eastern are altogether restorations of fossil forms, often excessively grotesque in outline. The whole history of the building is a curious instance of the way in which great adventures are often carried out piecemeal in English life. Professor Owen had long been calling out for, "in the first place, room for seventy whales," before his plan was seriously taken up by the Government. Finally, in 1864, it was not an architect at all, but a very clever engineer, Captain Fowke, to whom the Commissioners entrusted the construction of the building. His design was a striking one; it represented a red-brick building of the French Renaissance, much ornamented with white and red terra-cotta; it included two detached wings, destined to form a Museum of Patents. But Captain Fowke died in September 1865, before he had completed the details of his design, and early in the next year the Commissioners, determining this time to secure professional knowledge, laid his fragments in the hands of the eminent architect, Mr. Waterhouse, and begged him to adapt and complete them. For two years Mr. Waterhouse did his best to make Captain Fowke's clever drawings fit in with a practical purpose, but in the month of February, 1868, he confessed that the task was an impossible one, and was empowered by the Commissioners to form a new plan to his own satisfaction. His first step was to abandon the French Renaissance, and to adopt that refined Romanesque of the eleventh century, the strangeness of which to unfamiliar eyes is probably the reason why this beautiful building has not been universally approved of. In architecture, more than in any other art, popular taste is swayed by the personal or the accidental. Mr. Waterhouse's rough sketch was accepted by the Trustees in April 1868, but the plans were not finally digested until 1871. In 1873 the actual labour of building was begun, and, at last, in 1881, we have the pleasure of congratulating the venerable director, Professor Owen, in whose brain the scheme first germinated more than twenty years ago, on entering at last into the fruit of his labours.

ARYAN ODDITIES.

WE lately improved the occasion with some remarks on those habits of early man which induce him to pursue the practice of "primitive Boycotting." We showed that the ruder races Boycott each other all round, and that it is quite an unusual thing to find a man, among certain peoples, who may speak to his mother-in-law, his father-in-law, his wife, or, in some extreme cases, his mother. Odd and amusing as is the etiquette of primitive man, it scarcely excels in humorous absurdity those Aryan manners which are recorded for our example in the *Institutes of Vishnu*. This work, translated by Mr. Jolly, and lately published by the Clarendon Press, is a collection of ancient aphorisms on the sacred laws of India. We do not know that among the *Jatakas*, or queer stories about beasts which Buddha used to tell his grinning disciples, any one is recorded to have made a stuffed bird laugh. That kind of miracle is certainly much in the vein of the Buddhist imagination. But it is certain that the ancient aphorisms on the sacred laws of India are comic enough in themselves, and we cannot be too thankful that the great Aryan mind took another turn in the ancestors of our own race.

The aphorisms begin at the beginning, with a singular account of Creation. The people of the Guinea coast believe that creation was the work of a big spider. The Bushmen will have it that things in general were made by the Mantis, a large grasshopper, and this plausible view is accepted among the Hottentots. The Australians are inclined to divide the praise between the eagle and the crow, who lived, before men appeared on earth, in a paradise of birds, as may also be read in a favourite passage of Aristophanes. The Iroquois stand to it, in spite of the Jesuit missionaries, that the world was constructed, or rather fished out of the water, by a large hare, and "our god appears to us," said they, to an old English explorer, "in the form of a mighty big rabbit." A Californian tribe accounts for the origin of things by saying that "the Great Spirit awoke and found himself sitting

in a chair." Feeling rather lonely, he set about making wolves, who afterwards rubbed their tails off and grew into men. The great Aryan mind, not to be outdone in gratuitous absurdity, ascribes creation to a boar. "Having woken from his slumber, Vishnu purposed to create living things," to which end he assumed the appropriate form of a boar. "His feet were the Vedas," and he raised up the earth with the edge of his tusks. He created ogres, fairies, witches, and bogies, and then he made men, and went off "into a place hidden from the world." But how were men to behave? This question at once occurred to the goddess of the earth, an extremely pretty woman, whose charms are described in intimate detail and at great length. The goddess of the earth marched off to consult the chief god, who replied in those aphorisms which give us so strange a picture of life and duty in India.

First, of course, men were divided into the four castes. The Brahmanas were to have all the cream of everything. The ludicrously mean precautions taken by the Brahmanas to secure wealth, power, honour, and immunity from punishment, make half the fun of the Institutes of Vishnu. On the other hand, the Sudras were so despised that "painting and the other fine arts" were left exclusively to their menial hands. In India Sir Frederick Leighton would be a Sudra. Literature, on the other hand, is treated with high and just respect. The chief duty of a king is to "show reverence to the gods, and the Brahmanas." "Let him bestow landed property upon Brahmanas." This rather reminds one of a hint in a monkish chronicle of the reign of Richard II. After attributing to that unfortunate prince almost all known crimes, the pious author adds, "Yet he had his redeeming qualities. He once gave an estate to the brethren of" St. Albans, or wherever it might be. It is suggested that the king may just as well confide all judicial duties to a Brahmana. Then, when we come to crimes, the Institutes of Buddha decree that "all great criminals shall be put to death"; but "in the case of a Brahmana no corporal punishment must be inflicted." He is only to be branded with a mark, even if he kills another Brahmana. But if a Sudra chaffs a Brahmana, a red-hot iron pin, ten inches long, is to be thrust into the mouth of the miserable offender. There is a crushing fine for any one who neglects to invite a Brahmana to dinner, or, still more, offers him no food after having invited him. Brahmanas may borrow money at two per cent. The ordeal by poison must not be administered to Brahmanas, nor, what is more sensible, to bilious persons. Also a Brahmana may have four wives. We do not gather that they are all to dine out with him at the same time. As to marriage, neither a Brahmana, nor any one else, may marry a woman whose hair is red, which satisfactorily accounts, to the evolutionist, for the rarity of auburn locks among the natives of India.

The duties of an undergraduate in India afford some agreeable reading. He must "put on two chapels" every day; "he must twice a day perform the religious acts of sprinkling the ground round the altar, and of putting fuel on the fire." As to what is called "tubbing," it is written that "he must plunge into the waters like a stick." The sense of this puzzles the commentators. He must avoid honey, stale food, singing women, the killing of living beings, and rude speeches. He must not study the Veda, and then go and get up the binomial theorem, or chemistry, or anything else, under penalty of becoming a Sudra. After conduct which, in England, the proctors could not overlook, he must go begging to seven houses, clothed only with the skin of an ass. As to reading, some of the regulations are very sensible. The student must take an entire holiday on four days of every month. Many men would do better work if they abstained altogether from study on Sundays. But now come the rules, which are not so sensible. There are Saints' days every day, so to speak, and the student is luckier than Mr. Trevelyan's undergraduate:—

In Neville's court four years I spent,
Where we didn't use to read in the term of Lent.

The Brahmana student must not read when a strong wind is blowing. Nor in a village in which a corpse is lying. Nor during a battle. Nor while dogs are barking. Nor when a musical instrument is being played. This sounds like a modern aphorism to excuse indolence under the infliction of a barrel-organ. Again, a man must not read when Sudras are in the neighbourhood. Nor while immersed in water; and this would have been hard on the famous Wolf who used to study all night with his feet in cold water to keep him awake. The student must not read in a boat; but there seems no reason why he should not study in a punt, on cushions, under the trees. If a five-toed animal comes between him and his tutor, he must put away his books. Therefore (perhaps) the Master of University turned dogs out of college, lest they should come between the men and their tutors, and lead to idleness, screwing up, and similar indiscretions. The aphorisms well observe that to study on forbidden days does a man no good either in this world or the next. To read the Rig-Veda is to feed the ancestral ghosts with clarified butter. How much better these ghosts (whom he neglects a little in his mythological speculations) must owe to Professor Max Müller! But the ghosts prefer one to read the Atharva-Veda. They like it as much as meat. One pleasing indulgence is permitted to the student. "He may at pleasure prostrate himself before a young wife of his Guru (coach, or private tutor), stretching out both hands, and saying, 'Ho, salute thee!'" This is a most interesting custom, which is unlikely, however, to be much appreciated by Gurus with young wives at Oxford and Cambridge.

We now come to the crimes committed by wicked men. Among these are selling lac, adultery, cooking one's own chop for dinner, marrying before one's elder brother, Atheism, cutting trees, to teach the Veda for a reward, causing bodily pain to a Brahmana (which must be a most attractive offence in a country so Brahmana-ridden). One punishment for these offences is to eat barley gruel for a month. In the next world there are twenty-two hells, all very worthy of a place in Dante's collection. When the torments are over, criminals of the fourth degree become fish. First-class misdemeanants enter the bodies of birds, and so forth. When re-born again into human form, the criminals each suffer appropriately. Let people who complain of dyspepsia, like Mr. Carlyle, learn from Aryan wisdom that they have been "stealers of food" in a previous existence. Horse-stealers are punished with lameness. A man who sank so low as to sell tin is re-born as a dyer. Most amusing of all, a thief is born a bard. Some bards are certainly born thieves of other men's ideas, but the converse sounds odd. But we may escape these misfortunes by living on milk for three weeks, by eating nothing but lotus, and by avoiding conversation with ladies. There are penances for having dined with carpenters, goldsmiths, enemies (a thing we all do frequently), blacksmiths, liars, doctors, trainers, lunatics. The majority of birds and beasts are not to be eaten.

Perhaps these examples, chosen almost at random, will prove that etiquette of extraordinary stringency and minuteness is not peculiar to primitive man. The Australian, who may not speak to his mother-in-law, and must give his wife's sister the ears of the beasts he kills, is not subjected to a more ridiculous tyranny than the devout believer in the Institutes of Vishnu. Sir George Grey thought Heaven had ordained Australian laws to prevent the natives from becoming civilized. Man seems to have thought out the Institutes of Vishnu for a similar purpose.

IBERISM.

THE ordinary Englishman may be incredulous when he is told that recent events in the Transvaal have indirectly produced one huge and almost unalloyed joke. It is true, however, and the locality of the joke is no other than Lisbon. For some weeks past readers of their newspapers have been more or less dimly aware of a tempest in a teacup about the Lourenço-Marques Treaty. Negotiations have been going on for converting Portugal's southernmost African possession (which she owes to the kindness of Marshal MacMahon in one of our invariably unlucky arbitrations) from a pestiferous swamp, of no value to herself or anybody else, into an entrepôt, which might have considerable chance of being commercially important. Other incidental advantages were to accrue to Portugal, and her sovereign rights were not even to be bought out, much less taken away without compensation. This arrangement, however, which might appear to be beneficial to all parties, has been taken by one of the little factions which the blessed gift of constitutional government has raised up in all the smaller European countries as an occasion of warfare. The arrival of the British fleet in the Tagus, a tolerably frequent event, tending considerably to the enrichment and enlivenment of the Portuguese capital, was construed as an attempt to overawe the freedom of Lusitanian debate. Progressistas and Regeneradores fought in the Council Chamber with their tongues, and with more deadly weapons in the streets. Blood was shed; a Ministerial crisis arose which was fully discussed in these columns at the time. Finally somebody triumphed, and the song of that triumph has been duly raised. The liveliest newspaper of Portugal appears to be a certain Republican print called the *Seculo*, which is strongly devoted to "Iberian" principles, and the Lisbon Correspondent of the *Times* has given Englishmen who do not read Portuguese—a larger number, it may be suspected, than those who do, though Portuguese has been not ill defined as a very ugly kind of Latin—an opportunity of forming acquaintance at once with "Iberism" and with one of the finest specimens of modern journalism. The liveliest Irish papers, even the *Irish World* itself, cannot hold a candle to the *Seculo*, though there is a considerable affinity between Irishmen and Portuguese in race, in style, and in affection for the pig.

Iberism, as the intelligent man will probably discover by means of his unaided wits, signifies the desire for a coalition of Spain and Portugal, in which Iberia is to be for the Iberians, and for nobody else at all, at all. Whether this idea has supplanted Señor Castelar's more famous and grandiose dream of a Latin League, in which France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, and Greece are to face and dominate the brutal Teuton and the savage Slav, or whether it is supplementary and preparatory to it, is a mystery of Iberian politics which we cannot pretend to solve. To an Englishman who has always been told (and not untruly told) that Spaniard and Portuguese hate one another with a hatred compared with which the mutual aversion of Scotch and English at its hottest was a mild dislike, this may seem surprising enough. The Iberist, however, would probably retort that England and Scotland get on very well together, and that there is no reason why Spain and Portugal should not. In order to promote this blessed result, it has struck the ingenious Portuguese mind that there is nothing for reconciling enemies like a community of hatred, and they seem to have pitched on the necessary object of detestation. This object is England. It is true that, until recently, any dislike which Spaniards may have had to us

was confined to a mild and chiefly Platonic hankering after Gibraltar; and that Portuguese, as a rule, were not supposed to hate us at all. We are generally supposed to have held towards Portugal the position which France used to hold towards Scotland, except that France never did any particular good to her ally except to make her people call legs of mutton *gigots* to this day, while England really has done many good turns to Portugal. Without going so far back as the Abbey of Batalha, the historical ties between England and Portugal are considerable. Everybody has a dim idea of the Methuen Treaty, which gave the Portuguese wine trade such an impetus as no trade ever had before or since, and, according to grumblers, gave half England the gout for generations. We took the Portuguese very much under our wing in the Peninsular War, spent oceans of money on them, preserved them from all but very transient experiences of the awful incubus of French occupation, which weighed on their Spanish neighbours, and taught them to fight in a very creditable way under Pack and Beresford. We helped them semi-officially to get rid of that unpleasant person, Don Miguel, and we have bought *quintas* in their hills and valleys, and accepted baronies and viscounties from their monarchs in the most condescending way in the world. Perhaps there has been a little too much condescension in the matter; and possibly the Portuguese, while they were too lazy to exploit the Alto Douro for their own exclusive profit, have been annoyed at the Viscount Smiths and Baron Browns who buy up and store in their lodges the magenta-coloured fluid which claret would be, if it could. At any rate, the screaming of the *Seculo* seems to reveal a Titycoram-like attitude of rage at favours received. We have kept the *Seculo* too long waiting, however, for which it deserves, and is hereby requested to receive, the excuses of an infamous English journal.

It seems that the fiendish Progressistas, who, not to bother the reader with the political intricacies of Portugal, are the people of whom the *Seculo* does not approve, have been hinting that, if England is offended, and withdraws her regis, "the lion of Spain will instantly claw us, and reduce us to a mere Iberian province." Now there is nothing that the *Seculo* would like so much as this in reality, only it does not exactly say so. It says instead, in effect, "What business is this of anybody except ourselves?" "Mayn't we be clawed as we like?" "What liberty have we, if we have not the right of option or even of discussion on a matter which affects the integrity of our Empire?" Besides, "What shall we lose if we are now in the claws of the British leopard?" This is a point of pathology on which we can offer no opinion, though perhaps a great shikari might be able to say whether the lion or the leopard is in his clawing the clawer most agreeable to the clawed. But we can assure the *Seculo* that the British leopard was quite ignorant of the noble quarry which it seems, he has in hand, or rather in claw. The *Seculo* continues in the fine interrogative manner which is the soul of oratory and journalism. "What do we gain by being Englishmen instead of Spaniards? As Spaniards we should, at least, be citizens; as Englishmen we should never be more than serfs." This last statement is obscure, but probably refers to the degraded monarchical institutions of this realm. Besides, it seems that Great Britain only takes care of Portugal till she has stripped her of her last transmarine possession. We confess that we did not know that England had ever stripped Portugal of any transmarine possessions, except during the brief period when Portugal was under that very Spanish dominion to which the *Seculo* is anxious to return. But perhaps the *Seculo* has a private history all to itself. In fact, it certainly has, for "since 1640," it seems, we have been making capital out of the ingenuous, patriotic sentiment of Portugal, in order to continue the gratuitous and cowardly seizure of all her colonial dominions. This bad English leopard, this "insatiable British sea-serpent"—for the *Seculo* is liberal in metaphorical zoology—has done the most dreadful things to Portugal. "By her bestial and sordid diplomacy" she has severed Lusitania from Spain and France. We have supplanted the Portuguese in the basest manner, we never did anything in "the marvellous work of maritime discovery," "an adventurous and warlike disposition is a feature in the English character which has ever been conspicuous by its absence." And therefore it is that "the Republican party of Portugal accepts as an honour England's sordid political hatred."

This is indeed a melancholy state of things. It seems that not only have we been robbing Portugal for centuries, but we now hate her sordidly. It may be so, but we can only say, like the lover *malgré lui* in the comedy, "I protest to you, Madam, I was wholly ignorant of my own affection." Englishmen have been sordidly hating Portugal without knowing it, and now without knowing it they have been plotting to take from her her last transmarine possession, which, by the way, seems to show that geography, like history, is not the *Seculo*'s strong point. "The Jewish sordidness" of our "usurious and crafty disposition," the "total absence of any noble or heroic element in our character," make it appear impossible to expect anything better from us. It is really odd that, considering the oceans of generous Portuguese wine which have passed into English bodies in the last two centuries, they should have exercised so little purifying and refining influence on the English soul! It was probably too bad to begin with, the *Seculo* would, no doubt, retort with the lightning quickness of repartee which distinguishes the Latin journalist. However this may be, it is clear that the shortest way to be a good Iberist is to be a good hater of England. Iberism will probably soon discover that

England first bred the Phylloxera, and has no doubt already discovered that Sir Wilfrid and all his followers are at heart animated only by a jealousy of the Latin race. Of course it is not easy to say how much of the amusing and amazing nonsense which we have been quoting really expresses any actually existing sentiment, and how much is to be set down to the *blague* which to the journalism of the Latin races is the very breath of life. Iberism is not in itself an impossible thing; for the two nations of the Peninsula—composite as the larger of the two is—have at any rate a considerable community of faith—by the way, Iberism is Freethinking—and language, and certainly are not much wider apart than Sicilians from Piedmontese, or Silesians from Holsteiners. The modern cant of nationality proceeds upon no intelligible or scientific grounds, either in its uniting or in its disintegrating agency. Iberism, too, has several things in its favour. The average Portuguese, unless he is very much belied, is rather ignorant, and possessed of a good deal of national jealousy. By combining these two strings, and playing on both, it might be quite possible to substitute for the traditional hatred of Spain a hatred of England. Many people will remember the amusing outburst which appeared some time ago in the Portuguese papers about remarks derogatory to Portugal in some obscure English school-book. This Lourenço-Marques to-do seems to be a sort of sequel to that international episode. It is at least satisfactory to find that England is in no danger of the woe denounced against those of whom all men speak well. Since the French left off abusing us, except now and then as a sort of survival, there might have seemed to be some danger of our getting blue-mouldy for want of a verbal beating. Germany, Spain, and now Portugal, however, seem to be determined to save us from this peril. The odd thing is, that to all these nations we have for a long time done nothing, or next to nothing, but good. Russians, whom we constantly oppose, are civil-spoken enough on the whole; so are Austrians, to whom of late years we have certainly not behaved too handsomely. National antipathies, however, are always more or less inscrutable; and if it pleases the Portuguese to swear eternal hatred to us, we must even put up with it, and only hope that they will not, in an ecstasy of determination to spite us, set fire to the anchorage of the Tagus, or cut down the vineyards of Boa Vista and Calcavillos.

SEALS.

THERE was a jubilant paragraph the other day in one of the morning papers respecting the success of the "sealers" belonging to the port of Dundee. The *Resolute* had taken 3,600 seals; the *Ancora*, 16,000 young and 1,000 old; the *Thetis*, 4,000 young and 2,800 old; and the *Narwhal* was reported "full." We are not told the number of seals that this vessel could contain, but perhaps we may be allowed to put it at 3,600, like the *Resolute*. These two vessels therefore killed about 7,000 seals between them. No distinction is made in the case of the *Resolute* between "old" and "young"; but, as old seals are more valuable, the absence of particulars probably indicates that they were all "old." If this be the case, the Dundee fleet has brought home this season 20,000 young seals and 10,800 old seals. This number, however, must not be supposed to represent the total killed by the crews of the English vessels, for in these general massacres many more are killed than the ships can bring away, and many that escape die of their wounds afterwards—not to speak of the thousands of young who perish for want of their natural sustenance. A victory such as this is really far more disastrous than a defeat, as we propose to point out. We must premise that two distinct animals are habitually spoken of as "seals," and two different substances as "sealskin." The group of marine, flesh-eating mammals which are spoken of collectively by naturalists as the *Pinnipedia* (because their hands and feet are modified into swimming organs by the interposition of webs between the digits), contains three families:—1. The Walrus. 2. The True Seals (*Phocidae*). 3. The Eared Seals (*Otariidae*). The True Seals are clothed with short, coarse hair, and are, therefore, sometimes spoken of as "Hair Seals"; while the Eared Seals are called "Fur Seals," because some species possess beneath the coarser hair that short, thick, silky fur which is so much prized for cloaks and other garments. Most people have long been familiar with the general form and appearance of a True Seal; and of late years two fine Eared Seals have been exhibited in the Gardens of the Zoological Society of London. There is also a fine pair from the north-western coast of America to be seen in the Brighton Aquarium. It is to this family that the popular names "Sea-Lions" and "Sea-Bears" have been given, for their power of locomotion on land, their general appearance, and their loud cries—which, however, resemble a bark rather than a roar. The animals which have lately been slaughtered in such numbers are certain species of True Seals. Though not of the same commercial importance as their fur-bearing relations, they are still most valuable for their skins and their oil. Seal oil is largely used in the preparation of the vegetable fibre called "jute," and is worth 50*l.* a tun. Their extirpation, therefore—not to mention the regret with which naturalists regard the destruction of a species—would not merely involve the loss of the capital embarked in the fitting out of the vessels engaged in the business; but would seriously endanger, if not ruin, more than one branch of commercial industry. This catastrophe, however, cannot be far distant, unless vigorous

measures to regulate the slaughter be adopted without delay. The habits of the seals, which are exceedingly curious, have not as yet been properly considered. Those captured off Newfoundland and Jan Mayen, which are the grounds resorted to at this season, belong to migratory species. They leave the Polar Seas at the beginning of winter, assembling, like swallows, at some long-frequented and well-known meeting-place, which they do not leave until the gathering is completed. Then, taking advantage of the Polar current, they start southward. Small detachments, consisting of from half-a-dozen to a score, form the vanguard; and behind them comes the vast, uncountable herd. For many miles nothing is to be seen but seals; the sea seems to be literally paved with their heads. At Belleisle Island the herd divides—part drifts into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, part goes on to Newfoundland. There they remain until the beginning of January, when they commence their return northward. This is not the easy matter that the previous migration had been, the current being now against them. On reaching the ice, which at this season covers the sea through which they had passed a short time previously, the herd halts. The females are then ready to bring forth their young, and if unmolested would remain on the ice until the cubs were old enough to accompany them on their homeward journey. The cubs are usually born from the 15th to the 24th of March, each female producing only one, and they are suckled for about twenty days. They develop with extraordinary rapidity, and when three weeks old are able to take care of themselves. Until this age they are comparatively worthless. It is manifest, therefore, that to kill them at an earlier period is not only cruel but foolish. Yet this was until very lately, and we fear is still the practice. Moreover, as the female seal shows a strong affection for her cub, and will not leave it to save her own life, advantage was taken of this to kill a larger number of old seals, the young being left to starve. The following account was written in 1875 by Captain David Gray of Peterhead, an experienced sealer. It is therefore strictly accurate, and, painful as it is, deserves careful attention.

Last year the fleet set to work to kill the seals on the 26th of March, 1874, and in forty-eight hours the fishing was completely over, the old ones being shot, wounded, or scared away, while thousands upon thousands of young ones were left crying piteously for their mothers. These mostly perished of famine in the snow, as they were not old enough to make worth while the trouble of killing them. If you could imagine yourself surrounded by four or five hundred thousand babies, all crying at the pitch of their voices, you would have some idea of the piteous noise they make.

To the barbarity and folly of wasting the young seals in the manner above described may be added the "imprudent expenditure of capital," as a Norwegian sealer cleverly said, in killing so many old seals. After the season of 1874 there was a general feeling that some date must be fixed by international agreement before which no seals should be killed; and an Act of Parliament, called "The Seal Fishery Act," was passed in 1875, by which it was enacted that a "close time" should be fixed by an Order in Council "when the foreign States whose ships or subjects are engaged in the seal fishery have made with respect to their own ships and subjects the like provisions to those contained in this Act." In 1876 the 3rd of April was fixed as the day when seals may first be captured, apparently without the consent of any foreign Power; and the Government of Norway passed a similar law, prescribing the same date in the following autumn. We have not been able to ascertain what action, if any, was taken by Germany or America. It will be observed that the number of young seals captured this year is twice as great as the number of old ones; whence we may conclude that, at any rate, they were not left to die on the ice as heretofore; but the early date at which the news of the success of the sealers was received at Dundee shows that they must have been taken before they were old enough to leave their mothers. It was admitted by one of the sealing captains examined in 1874 that his most successful season, both in skins and oil, had been that of 1866, when the fishery did not begin till the 6th of April. If sealers could be induced to look beyond the success of the moment, they would learn from such a fact as this the necessity of moderating their eagerness. The thirst for gold, like other excesses, carries its own punishment with it. The records of the seal trade are full of warnings. When the Southern Ocean was first opened to British enterprise by the discoveries of Captain Cook, it teemed with animal life. Fur Seals and Hair Seals abounded on the coasts of Australia and New Zealand, and on the outlying islands. They were at once set upon and killed, the slaughter being conducted without regard to sex or season. The result was the total extermination of several species. "One might as soon expect to meet a sea-lion on London Bridge as on any one of the islands in Bass's Strait," was the reply of a New Zealand naturalist to an inquiry about the seal-life that early voyagers had observed. The same result has happened at the Falkland Islands, at Cape Horn, and on the Pacific seaboard of South America. A vessel called the *Belay* took one million skins from the island of Masafuera at the beginning of the century, an exploit which left no survivors for future adventurers; and the island of Juan Fernandez, where, in Anson's time, there were seals in abundance, has now only a few stragglers to show. The same thing happened at the South Shetlands. In 1821 and 1822 British sealers took away 320,000 skins for the two years; killing males and females indiscriminately, and leaving the young to die. The fate of the sperm-whale might furnish a useful lesson in the same direction. It was once abundant in the Southern Ocean, but is now all but extinct,

from the very same causes that we have pointed out above in the case of the seals. The American whalers observed its maternal affection, and found it easier to kill a mother and her cub together than a mother alone. A few years of this policy, added to the use of steamers armed with projectiles of cunning contrivance, and the fishery had to be given up as no longer profitable.

The possibility of regulating a traffic of this kind has been most conclusively demonstrated in the case of the Northern Fur Seal (*Otaria ursina*), an Eared Seal inhabiting the Pribilof Islands, in Behring's Sea, whence "sealskin" for the London market is now principally, if not entirely, obtained. These islands belonged to Russia from their discovery in 1786 down to 1869, when they were ceded to the United States. In the early years of the Russian occupation the seals were slaughtered recklessly and indiscriminately, and in 1842 an unusually severe winter thinned them still further. After this a smaller number was killed in each year, and in consequence the seal population steadily increased, until, in 1869, Mr. Elliott, who was sent to the islands by the Government of the United States, estimated the numbers at between five and six millions, or twice the population of London. Shortly afterwards, the islands were leased, under certain conditions, to the Alaska Commercial Company. Of these provisions, that which is most important for our present purpose limits the slaughter to 100,000 in each year; and, further, it has been agreed, after careful observations extending over several years, that these shall be all males of four or five years old. We have no space to give the reasons for this determination, which is based on the curious polygamous habits of this species of seal; we merely draw attention to it in order to show the importance of studying the habits of creatures on which a large commercial venture has been risked, instead of trusting blindly to chance. The English had a similar opportunity with the Fur Seals of the Southern Hemisphere; but, as we have shown above, it was lost through carelessness and ignorance. We are much afraid that our system of hunting the Hair Seal will lead to a similar result, unless we can secure the active co-operation of the other nations interested, and so bring about a radical change. This will not be easy. The Americans are fortunate in being the sole owners of the Pribilof Islands, and in having animals of exceptional habits to deal with. The difficulties, however, that stand in the way of a necessary reform should not deter us from at least trying to bring it about.

THE MYSTERY OF E. J. W.

THE singular misfortunes which seem to have befallen this unlucky person can hardly fail to interest those who study the very curious collection of advertisements from the "Agony Column" which Miss Alice Clay has recently published (*The Agony Column of "The Times."* London: Chatto and Windus). No small industry must have been required for the work, which covers a very long period, the first advertisement given being dated January 13th, 1800; and the last, November 23, 1870. Miss Clay must therefore have taken the trouble to examine some twenty-two thousand copies of what was within the memory of persons still living the leading newspaper. The task must have been a wearisome one, but the result is an amusing and very interesting little book. The Agony Column has presented to the world a long series of enigmas, many, no doubt, not worth the guessing, but others not undeserving the attention of people who are fond of riddles, and these Miss Clay has carefully picked out so as to offer her readers the choicest utterances of those mysterious persons who, having been for some unaccountable reason debarred from using the post, have been obliged to advertise their frantic appeals in the neighbourhood of the births, deaths, and marriages. In one respect it must be said that Miss Clay's work is disappointing. Much curiosity has always been felt respecting these strange advertisements, of which, by the way, a large number now appear in the *Standard*, and this curiosity she is not able to satisfy, as her labours have not apparently enabled her to form any opinion, or even to indulge in any plausible guesses, respecting the advertisers. She does not attempt to say whether they are lunatics, or in some instances thieves and receivers of stolen goods, as they are commonly supposed to be, or whether they are really unfortunate people who are driven to this peculiar way of communicating with each other; but, though she cannot satisfy curiosity on the main point, she is able to throw some light on a singular and obscure subject, as her collection, without dispelling the mystery which surrounds the advertisers, makes clear some remarkable facts regarding them. It shows, for instance, how persistent certain of them have been and over how long a period their communications extend. This would seem to prove that some of them, at least, are not lunatics or fools, and are attacking or defending interests of real importance. Of the most remarkable instance of devotion to the second column which Miss Clay gives we now propose to speak, leaving for a future time notice of the minor agonizers. Attention has lately been drawn to the curious advertisement of Mrs. G. to Mrs. Jones, which, it is said, has appeared for several years past; but Mrs. G. is far surpassed by the person above-mentioned, Mr. E. J. Wilson, of Ennis, Ireland, who, at varying intervals, advertised in the Agony Column of the *Times* from February 1851 to July 1870, and not impossibly may be advertising in the *Times* still.

As has so often happened with men who have achieved distinction, his maiden effort in the line wherein he was destined to

excel was a modest one, as he merely stated in his first advertisement that, as the clothes were ready, he was ready to wear them, and alluded to a bar of iron, intimating thereby, probably, that he was prepared for some undertaking and would not flinch. This was addressed to "D.," and was followed by advertisements addressed to "Equator," "Indigo Blue," "Simulacre," and "Alexis," which were in the florid style so much beloved by the agony advertisers, and have no meaning for the uninstructed. It is remarkable that in March 1852 his advertisements called forth some of the very few answers they ever received, and that he was entreated to give an explanation, in capitals, and asked whether he had a conscience. On the latter point apparently "E.W." was unable to give a satisfactory reply, as in a French advertisement he apparently admitted that he was a serpent nourished in the bosom of somebody, who was "de la race sacrée"; but added that his blood was not ditch water. Mr. Wilson was silent for awhile after this, but in June he was at work, and issued an advertisement in which he gave for the first time his full initials, "E. J. W." This was followed by a series of inflated notices addressed to "The Counterfeit," to "Equator" again, to "Croix Rouge," "Fly-by-night," and "The Key." The only thing to be deduced from these stilted productions is that "E. J. W." had been asked to do something which he thought unpatriotic, but that nothing would "sway his allegiance," and that he was quite incorruptible. In January 1853 "Mary (alias Emily) Pierce Crawford, daughter of Daniel Merryweather Ford," addressed him in the *Times*, intimating that she should like to apply to 4 Spring Place, Hammersmith, and in the next month he was told by "Two Indescribables" that, together with G — and Arthur, he was "inexcusable" for absenting himself, and was apparently invited to come to the same place. The "Indescribables" added that all communication was interrupted in England and abroad, and that their reputations were calumniated to render them homeless and friendless.

Up to this time there had been nothing remarkable about the advertisements of "E. J. W." He had been engaged in secret negotiations, possibly political, but very likely commercial only; had been asked to do something which he called unpatriotic, and had refused. In March 1853, however, two curious notices were issued by him, referring, apparently, to some political struggle; and in 1854 a very remarkable advertisement appeared, which seems to show that, in the course of the intrigue or negotiation in which Mr. E. J. Wilson had taken part, he had made very desperate enemies, who, in revenging themselves on him, were not deterred by the slightest timidity or by scruples of any sort. In the *Times* of May 1st, 1854, he advertises thus:—"MY DAUGHTER! O, my daughter!" and in May 17th he says:—"Lutte à mort. Je veux voir ma fille." Unless the strange notices which he sent for so long to the *Times* were altogether due to the delusions of an unsound mind, it is clear that his daughter had really been carried off; for, as will shortly be seen, many subsequent advertisements refer to her loss, and prove that he made the most strenuous efforts to get her back. In 1854 and 1855 advertisements by "Egypt" and "Egypt" appeared, which, though not at first recognizable as the productions of "E. J. W.," were undoubtedly his. He refers—giving his initials in one case—to stolen gains, participation in which he absolutely refuses, and on June 27th, 1855, he asks where his child is. It seems certain that she was not restored to him; but for some reason not to be gathered from Miss Clay's collection, he was for some time after this either willing to correspond by the penny post, like ordinary mortals, or was debarred from his beloved second column. He did not appear in it again until July 1856, and after issuing three brief German advertisements in this month, he was silent until January 1857, when he published an advertisement signed "Decimals.—Cygne," both of which appear in many of his later appeals. In March he again mentions his daughter, informing the public, in the first place, that she has two of her toes joined together; and, secondly, that he has not seen her for seven years; and shortly afterwards he speaks again of the money he would not take. A series of mysterious advertisements, in one of which he describes himself as "hors la loi," follow at varying intervals the notice containing this reference, and in December 1857 his daughter is heard of again, as he says indignantly to one "X. Cheops," "No, no. Hands off my child," and adds that he will not risk his "little gipsy girl in the pestilential marshes of Hungary, though there secure against every power." About this time misfortune appears to have fallen him, as he seems to have been sadly in want of money. In July 1858 he issued the following remarkable advertisement:—

X. GAMINS X.—I CANNOT LECTURE at Coventry as contemplated. Although reported in the "Endowed Schools Commission" as receiving £80 per annum, I get but £50, and you know with that without board, &c.—E. J. W., Cygne.

After this he apparently came to the conclusion that secrecy was no longer necessary, as in a notice to his friend Cheops he requested that gentleman to address E. J. Wilson, Ennis, Ireland, and this advertisement is followed by several giving his name. In one of these he says that he has lost his money and his child, and asks the delicate question whether a lawyer can advise a criminal act without rendering himself liable. In February 1859 he pathetically speaks of himself as "the author of the decimal system at Her Majesty's Customs, which pours pure gold every day into the coffers of the nation, earning a miserable subsistence in the worst part of Paddy's land"; and in March he became, it would seem, very anxious about his daughter, as he issued a

notice warning all persons assisting in secreting her that they were liable to imprisonment. This was succeeded by an advertisement complaining of a schoolmistress whom he had previously spoken of as having aided in the abduction of his daughter, and on April 16, 1859, the following formal notice appeared in the Agony Column:—

TWO HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD.—Any person (except a detective or his agent) restoring to me my daughter, ALICE JANE WILSON, 10 years old, shall receive £200 reward.—E. J. WILSON, Ennis, Ireland.

This offer did not bring her back, as in July we find him issuing a despairing appeal to "Alice," saying that he has not heard from her for eighteen months, and has undergone great persecution. A French advertisement published the next day seems to have answered this, and it may be hoped that poor Mr. E. J. Wilson succeeded at last in recovering his child, as there is no more mention of her in his subsequent communications in that Agony Column wherein he loved to impart his woes to his intimate friends, his deadly enemies, and the world in general.

For some time after 1859 he was silent. In 1862 there was an advertisement about eggs which was perhaps his, and there were others headed "Spurs and Skirts," which were indignantly answered by "the father of E. W.," who may or may not have been Mr. Wilson. In 1867 he indubitably reappears, as there is a communication to "E. G. G. (en voyage)," which subsequent notices show to have been his. It must be said that his later productions are not as interesting as his earlier ones, and suggest no strange story of dark conspiracy or desperate revenge. In one of these earlier advertisements he had alluded mysteriously to money which he claimed on "eggs," and most of his latter appeals are to "E. G. G.," though he occasionally addresses "B. E. N." Answers to his advertisements there were apparently none; but by this he was undismayed, for, though not voluble as formerly, he not infrequently addressed the *Times* from 1867 to 1870, when he was, so to speak, "left advertising," his last recorded effort being an appeal to "E. G. G." to pass through the Tyrol, over the Stelvio, and then by Solferino, Magenta, and the Mont Cenis to Grenoble. As has been said, Miss Clay's book does not extend beyond 1870, and without examination of very many files of the *Times*, it is, therefore, impossible whether the veteran advertiser continued his labours, or whether, after nineteen years of work, his place in the Agony Column knew him no longer.

What were the curious intrigues in which he was involved? Why was his daughter taken away from him twice, and, above all, why was it necessary for him during all this long period to correspond by advertisement? Of course it may be said that there is really no mystery whatever about the matter, and that Mr. E. J. Wilson was simply a person liable to harmless fits of derangement, during which he amused himself by penning advertisements, just as Mr. Toots pleased himself by writing imaginary letters from great personages. This may be the true explanation of the mystery; but we somewhat doubt whether the delusions of lunatics are so definite, so numerous, and so lasting as those which must have afflicted E. J. Wilson if he was really deranged. If he was sane, and if his innumerable advertisements were not due to a disordered imagination, his story must be an interesting one, and, should he still be alive, he might well take the world entirely into his confidence, and recount the adventures and misfortunes of which Miss Clay's book gives the dim outline. Having greatly stimulated public curiosity, he ought in fairness to give the answers to the riddles he has put, now that the enemies of twenty-five years ago are presumably not in a position to abduct children or instruct solicitors. What were the deeply mysterious intrigues in which he was engaged in 1852 and the following years? What made his enemies so furious against him, and how were they able twice to carry off his daughter? What was the unpatriotic task he was urged to undertake? Who were "Alexis" and "Fly-by-night," and "Counterfeit," and "Cheops," and "Indigo Blue," and the many others to whom he addressed himself for so long? Was Miss Alice Jane Wilson restored to him? and, if she was, who restored her? What were the stolen gains he refused to participate in, and how did he introduce decimals into the Customs? Who was "E. G. G.," so often urged to go to Grenoble; and why, above all, was he, Mr. E. J. Wilson, of Ennis, Ireland, obliged during nineteen years to advertise in the *Times*, and how was he debarred from using the post like other men? If he is, as we much hope, still alive, and will answer these questions fully, he will produce a work of surpassing interest, and will doubtless prove that the truths of the Agony Column are stranger than the fiction of Gaboriau.

MURETUS.

IN the somewhat grotesque series of quotations intended to demonstrate that Dr. Reid's philosophy had its adherents before Dr. Reid was born, Sir William Hamilton pronounces a glowing panegyric upon "the pattern critic, the incomparable Muretus." Few people now, probably, turn to that scholar's remains. His criticisms and illustrations of the ancient writers have long since been gathered up by indefatigable editors; the use of Latin for original compositions has so nearly died out that we no longer require a model to show how modern topics may be treated in the

language of Cicero: and the dialogues of Erasmus and the speeches of Muretus have alike disappeared from schools. In the history of literature and learning, however, every one who has ever held a prominent place retains some interest, even though it be the faint interest we feel for a fading name; and the remembrance of the hours most of us have spent in endeavouring to write Latin prose may possibly inspire some respect for the modern who succeeded best in that pursuit.

Marc Antoine François Muret, better known as Muretus, was born of respectable parents, near Limoges, in 1526. In his boyhood his talents attracted the admiration of the elder Scaliger, for whom Muretus in his turn professed a filial regard. At the age of eighteen Muretus lectured on Cicero and Terence at the College of Auch. He subsequently taught the classics at Poitiers and at Bordeaux, where he numbered Montaigne among his pupils, and wrote Latin tragedies which undoubtedly led the way to the vernacular tragedies of the Pléiade, and in which Montaigne himself acted. Before 1552 he went to Paris, where he occupied the chair of philosophy and civil law in the College of Cardinal le Moine. Though Turnebus and Buchanan were his colleagues, the young professor gained such admiration by the elegance of his style that his class-room was crowded, and, it is said, Henry II. and Catherine de' Medici were among his hearers. But the college was not long to be illustrated by the first living writer of Latin verse and the first living writer of Latin prose. The restless Buchanan returned to his wandering life, and Muretus's Paris career was brought to a sudden and unhappy termination. A disgraceful charge was brought against him, and he was thrown into prison. He had already begun to starve himself to death, when the interference of powerful friends procured his release. Muretus next appears at Toulouse, where he began to lecture to the law students. At Paris he had declaimed with success on jurisprudence; but at Toulouse the study was seriously prosecuted, and the justly celebrated school of law was not prepared to allow the finest phrases to compensate for ignorance of the subject. The course ended in a fiasco; and about the same time the unlucky lecturer was assailed by a charge similar to that incurred at Paris. How far the accusation was well founded it is not easy to determine. Turnebus, who had connexions in Toulouse, continued on friendly terms. On the other hand, Joseph Scaliger apparently has no doubt of Muretus's guilt. It has been argued that Scaliger was willing enough to believe any story to the discredit of Muretus, who had played a trick on him which the great critic never forgave. Out of a fragment of Philemon Muretus manufactured some Latin verses. These he palmed off on Scaliger as the work of Attius and of Traëa, and Scaliger gravely inserted them in his commentary on Varro as interesting relics of those poets. The biographers further plead that only conscious innocence could have prompted Muretus to dedicate his translation from Alexander's commentary to the very person whose name had been coupled with his a few months before at Toulouse. There are, we think, two other considerations which may fairly be urged in the defence. Part of the accusation consisted in a charge of heresy. Now, on a review of the writings of Muretus, this imputation appears so undeserved, and so manifestly invented to create a prejudice, that we are justified in viewing the whole accusation with considerable suspicion. Moreover, it is notorious that from the days when Dominic established the inquisition in Languedoc to the days when Voltaire denounced the judicial murder of Calas, Toulouse was infamous for its savage bigotry. Fanaticism has always recognized its surest opponents in the artistic character and in the culture of letters; and Muretus was above all things a literary artist. Innocent or guilty, however, Muretus was in imminent danger of being burnt. Happily he effected his escape, and the disappointed zealots of Toulouse could only enjoy the gratification of burning his effigy. The reproach of atheism still clung to his name, and long afterwards gave rise to the absurd suggestion that Muretus was the author of the mysterious book *De Tribus Impostoribus*. Muretus now resolved to go to Italy. On his way he fell ill at an obscure inn, and a consultation was held over him by the rural surgeons, who determined on attempting a hazardous operation. "Fiat periculum in anima vili," said one of them, little supposing that the wretched patient was the first Latinist of the age. Muretus was so scared that, in spite of his illness, he pursued his journey to Italy. He first visited Venice, where he made the acquaintance of Paulus Manutius, between whom and himself a cordial friendship continued to subsist. Here he dedicated several of his productions, including the commentaries on Catullus and on the Catiline orations, to various nobles of Venice. Finding them insensible to his flattery, he ceased "ploughing the seashore," and made his way to Padua. While there, he was warned by Lambinus, who played the part of the good-natured friend with much satisfaction, that a certain person with a short neck, red hair, and wide nostrils was reviving reports to his prejudice. Who this unprepossessing person was does not appear; but Muretus wrote back in deep distress that he longed to retire to some lonely country "where he should never hear the name of the Pelopidæ." Such a refuge, he adds, presented itself in Greece, whither he had been invited with a promise of a handsome salary. Greece in 1558 hardly offered many attractions to a man of letters; and unfortunately Muretus gives no explanation of this incident. The next letter to Lambinus is of a very different kind. Muretus had now gone to Ferrara on the invitation of Cardinal d'Este, and, forgetting all his wishes to retire from the world, cheerfully pledges Lambinus in a glass of excellent white wine, and only

regrets that his friend was not with him to drink it. Shortly afterwards Muretus accompanied Cardinal d'Este to Rome, and when his patron was despatched to Paris as papal legate, formed one of his retinue, and renewed the old intimacy with Turnebus. Except this interval, he passed the rest of his life in Italy, composing orations for State occasions of ceremony, and lecturing on the classics. Twice at least topics worthy of an orator were afforded by the massacre of St. Bartholomew and by the battle of Lepanto; but in these addresses the speaker betrays a poverty of thought unredeemed by his usual felicity of diction. The praises of persecution, however, did not lack admirers, and within a few months a translation appeared at Lyons of the speech "touching the happy and admirable success of Charles IX."

The letters of Muretus are so colourless that it is difficult to form from them any notion of the personality of the writer. The occasional mention of the sausages, thrushes, and becafoees which his friends sent him may lead us to believe he was not averse to good cheer. A certain mischievous vein shows itself, not only in the imposition which he played on Scaliger, but in his custom of using rare words from Cicero which had escaped the diligence of Nizolius, and diverting himself by the shrugs and glances of the purists who might be present. But the letters generally are occupied by learned discussions, by frigid compliments, or by the petty squabbles common among scholars. At one time Muretus poaches upon the Horatian preserves of Lambinus; at another, Muretus himself is the sufferer from the incursions of Lipsius. Perhaps what the letters omit is more significant than what they contain. Living in Venice, and afterwards in Rome during the sixteenth century, Muretus is silent on the works of art in which those cities were rich. His interests were exclusively literary, and neither painting, nor sculpture, nor music appealed to him. His general course of life may, however, be collected from his works. The summer months, from July to October, were devoted to the Long Vacation, during which Muretus usually accompanied Cardinal d'Este to his retirement at Tivoli, "to live the life of the Phæacians." In the rest of the year he delivered two courses of lectures, opened in November and in March by addresses, of which several specimens survive. The audience appears to have been somewhat miscellaneous, and the laudable endeavours of the more studious were sadly disturbed by the pushing and whistling of the unruly spirits. On one occasion a facetious youth brought an alarm with him, and amused himself in the middle of the lecture by making it strike. "It would be odd," said Muretus, "if among so many noisy animals there was no bell wether." The hour he occupied twice a week was in the afternoon or evening, and it is possible that the morning lectures found more peaceful classes. At any rate Muretus, as soon as he had delivered the fixed number of public lectures, was glad to continue the course in his own room, where the teaching assumed a less formal aspect. Of the quality of his instruction we may gain some notion from the opening addresses, and from the more copious of his commentaries. On anything connected with Aristotle, no better judge can be found than Sir William Hamilton; and from his eulogy of Muretus it appears that he put a high value on his Aristotelian labours. A modern student who dips into the commentary on the *Ethics* to seek help on those passages outwardly so easy, and really so difficult, of which the *Ethics* contain not a few, will find little aid from Muretus. For "getting up" the book for an examination, his commentary is useless. Yet the general interest, the light touch, the gossiping illustrations—sometimes resembling an essay of Montaigne, though of course the personal charm of Montaigne is wanting—may well have served to inspire a taste for study. In Mr. Ellis's judgment, the commentary on Catullus is unworthy of the reputation of Muretus. Its great defect appears to us to be its want of fulness. So far as it goes, it evinces fine literary feeling, and its sound judgment avoids the far-fetched ingenuities from which even Mr. Ellis's excellent work is not altogether free. In fact, Muretus was singularly free from pedantry. He ridicules Ciceronianism so far as it was a servile imitation, with much the same arguments as Erasmus had used, and with not a little of his wit; while, so far as it was a striving after consummate literary form, he gave it his approbation and his example.

In 1578 proposals reached Muretus from two different quarters to quit Rome. The "natio Germanorum," studying law at Padua, wrote to him expressing their desire that he should lecture on jurisprudence. The authorities at Padua do not appear to have concurred in the project; and Muretus civilly excused himself, adding that his mode of teaching the civil law did not find favour with the Italians, who preferred the method of Bartolus. As Bartolus was the author of the maxim "*De verbis non curat jurisconsultus*," this remark was not altogether complimentary to the Italian jurists. But it is not uncommon for men to mistake their abilities, and Muretus was always sore that he was not recognized as an authority in jurisprudence. The other invitation was more important. Stephen Bathory, King of Poland, wished to found a college at Cracow, and was anxious to attract to it learned men from Italy. He particularly desired the presence of Sigonius, Fulvius Ursinus, and Muretus, and held out to the last the splendid stipend of 1,500 gold crowns, with the certainty of ecclesiastical preferment. Muretus, who frankly avowed the doctrine that a man's country is where he is best off, was disposed to close with the offer; but his friends dissuaded him, and the Pope made an arrangement by which his salary was raised from 500 to

1,000 crowns. Before this year Muretus had taken holy orders. He had always been sensitive to religious impressions, and could not perform Mass without shedding tears. The approach of age and a severe illness rendered him devout; and towards the close of his life he confined his classical reading to Seneca and the graver writers, only returning to Terence, "his early favourite," to assist the studies of a nephew of promise, who unhappily died young. The biographers record that Muretus never gave more than five hours to repose, and he relates himself that he used to return to his books immediately after dinner till he felt the ill effects of the practice. Nevertheless, he appears to have generally enjoyed good health. In his latter days he became extremely fat, and suffered from gout in the feet, in allusion to which he observed that it was time to leave the house when the foundation was tottering. At last, in 1585, thirteen years after he had pronounced the funeral oration of his patron, Cardinal d'Este, he died in a manner which greatly edified those around him. The beauty of his language and, it must be owned, the verbosity into which his facility too often betrayed him, have affected his reputation, and he is sometimes regarded as a mere stylist. But his attainments, both in Greek and Latin, were of a high rank in an age of learning, and it was not without reason that Scaliger remarked, "Pauci in mundo Mureti; vere regius erat."

ENGINE-DRIVING.

WHENEVER a fatal railway accident happens both the press and society are overwhelmed by a flood of talk mostly of the most ignorant and therefore dogmatic kind. Every talker and every habitual writer of letters to the *Times* makes his noise and spoils his paper. The one "tells you, sir," that, until some scheme of his is made compulsory, accidents will occur daily. The other trusts that the editor may find space for what appears to him (though to no one else) to be a valuable suggestion. Words run riot over the devoted heads of readers and listeners, and the only people able to check their flow and add a few ideas to their vapid mass are too busy to talk or write letters to the editor; for very few people outside of "the railway world" have the slightest accurate knowledge of the subject of railway management, and perhaps to this general popular ignorance may be attributed some of the shortcomings of railway managers who have not public opinion to urge them on to better ways, and who have but few suggestions worthy of a moment's consideration laid before them except by their own class. Mr. Michael Reynolds has done something to enlighten the public mind about one department of railway work in his book called *Engine-Driving Life* (Crosby, Lockwood, and Co.), and incidentally much light is thrown on railway management generally. His other books, *Locomotive Engine-Driving* and *Stationary Engine-Driving*, show that he is a man thoroughly acquainted with his subject, so that we may safely accept his guidance in considering why we are generally safe, but sometimes are killed or maimed, in travelling by train. The first lesson which his writings and general experience combined teach is that all servants and officers employed on railways must have the very rare faculty of being always on the look-out for great and serious danger in circumstances which they have passed their lives in encountering without meeting with any accident, and that this faculty is of especial importance amongst engine-drivers. It is a matter of everyday experience to find men smoking in fiery mines and on board of powder-vessels; nay, even without the temptation of tobacco, we find miners in dangerous places removing the gauze from their lamps to get a better light. And we can recall with a renewed feeling of "goose-flesh" Major Majendie's report of a visit to the mining districts, when it was by no means an uncommon occurrence for him to inspect a stone-paved cellar full of powder-casks, the floor of which was gritty with loose powder, in the company of the proprietor or his servant wearing hobnailed boots and carrying a naked light.

Indeed, this blindness to danger produced by living amongst it with impunity seems almost universal. We believe that the best authorities recommend that night watchmen in big buildings should be frequently changed, because when a man has made a certain round every night for years, or even months, and has never found a fire or a thief, he becomes quite blind to either of these should he chance to meet them later on. See how this blindness would tell in the case of a driver of an express train. He has perhaps to make a journey of one hundred miles, and stop perhaps three times, but has to pass thirty, forty, or more signals. If the traffic is well regulated he may travel this road for months together without ever finding one of these signals at "danger"; but were he to get into a condition of danger-blindness and not look out for these signals the result would probably be that there would be a terrible accident. He must go on assuming that every signal is at danger, though never in his experience has it been found to be so. He must also exercise patient and untiring vigilance in inspecting and testing his engine; trust no one but see that all is right for himself. It is really a matter for marvel that men are to be found to do this work, and it becomes even more so when we read what Mr. Reynolds has to tell of the early years of training which every driver has to go through. After an appalling story of hard work, irregular hours, and no little danger, he goes on to say:—"If we were to sum up the

conditions on which a man can command the regulator of an engine, it would read thus—miles to run, 200,000; coals to break up and put into the fire-box in their proper place, 3,000 tons; day work, three years; night work, four years; Sunday work, twenty-five days per year; innumerable hair-breadth escapes, eyes constantly on the roll, the mouth shut and the ears open, an iron constitution, a whistle on the lips, a warm heart, and an intelligent head, with the motto 'Wait.' As with the engine-driver, so with all the rest of a railway staff—they must always assume that things are wrong until they are proved to be right. Not long ago an accident happened from a signalman not having a proper railway mind. A train was in the station waiting to go out; this signalman tried to lower the starting signal, but found it locked; he looked at his locking-frame and saw that the lever moving the points of a siding was pulled over, thus locking the starting-signal; he tried to put it back, but could not; he now made the fatal error of thinking for himself, instead of acting as part of the machinery; seeing a truck on the siding he jumped to the conclusion that the wheels were foul of the points, and that that was the reason why the point-lever would not move, and without further verification signalled the train on by hand. Now, the real reason why this point-lever would not move was that the signal on a branch line was down, thereby locking the lever of the siding-points and that of the starting-signal. As soon as the main-line train, which had been so recklessly sent on, got well on to the line, a train came along the branch line, and, the signal being down, did not stop, and ran into the other train, doing great damage. In many instances it is possible to test the working of men and machinery in unusual circumstances. At sea fire drill and "man overboard" drill are carried out, and in the military service false alarms of fire or attack are given to exercise the men in vigilance and promptness of action; but on a line of railway this is impossible. Punctuality in the running of the trains is of the first importance; so that when something goes wrong the staff must deal with it as it were by instinct, and how well they do it is obvious from the comparatively few accidents that happen. How danger is often ward off by courage and intelligence the general public seldom learn. Mr. Reynolds tells one stirring story on this point. At a certain station on a single line of rails an express from the North had to stop to let the express from the South pass. A few miles from this station was a steep incline, down which the North express had to travel. A fish train had recently passed over the line, leaving the rails so slippery with oil which had run from the partly putrid fish that the North express could not be controlled by the breaks, and all hope of stopping at the station was lost. The driver therefore sounded his whistle in short jerks to show "danger." The station-master heard him, and, with true railway instinct, saw what must be wrong, jumped upon a horse which was luckily near, and galloped along the line to meet the South express, and succeeded in stopping it in time. From the two opposite examples of the signalman and the station-master, it will be seen that there is another mental difficulty in railway work. As a rule, the most dangerous thing for any person to do who is connected with the running of the traffic is to think for himself; but there are occasions on which such a man must think for himself and quickly, and carry out his plans at once. Of course instances do occur of carelessness and stupidity amongst railway servants—even amongst drivers. Mr. Reynolds gives one very curious example. There were some gates at a level crossing, and a new regulation was made that they were to be kept shut across the line at night, and only opened to let the trains pass. The drivers being directed by a notice posted up in the engine-shed to stop before coming to the gates, and open them themselves, he goes on to tell us that "It was a single line, and only three trains passed through them between eight P.M. and six A.M. The notice was there for all to read, but about a dozen gates were demolished before all the drivers whom it concerned really knew of it."

Before leaving the subject of carelessness we may quote one more story from engine-driving life. It will be remembered that some time ago an accident occurred through a driver, after stopping to put something right in his engine, starting the train in the wrong direction, and that this error was not found out until some time had elapsed. Much astonishment was expressed at the time, not so much at the mistake having been made, as the engine was fitted with a peculiar form of reversing gear to which the driver was not accustomed, but that it should be possible for a train to travel in the wrong direction for some time without attracting the attention of driver, fireman, or guard. But the following story shows that such a thing has happened before:—"The driver of a goods-train brought his engine and train to the foot of a home signal which was against him. He and his fireman had some difficulty in stopping it; so the engine was reversed, and they sat down, and it is thought that they both went to sleep. The driver happened to open his eyes and saw the signal off, and put on steam. The guard in the rear finding that the train was going the wrong way and gaining speed, and fearing some one would run into his van, jumped out and showed a red light, of which no notice was taken until the engine came up to him, when he saw that both men were standing facing the weather-board, and quite unconscious that they were going the wrong way."

Any one who wishes to get a real insight into railway life cannot do better than read *Engine-Driving Life* for himself, and if he once takes it up he will find that the author's enthusiasm and real

love of the engine-driving profession will carry him on till he has read every page. Perhaps the constantly recurring stories of danger and disaster may make him rather nervous on his next railway journey, but the antidote is to be found in the statistics of railway accidents, which, on the whole, go to show that we are perhaps safer when travelling by train in England than at any other moment of our lives.

M. DE LAVELEYE ON THE APPROACHING SCRAMBLE FOR GOLD.

AMONG the various publications which the International Monetary Conference has called forth, perhaps the most remarkable is a letter addressed by M. de Laveleye, the eminent Belgian economist, to the members of the Cobden Club, and more particularly to those of them who are also members of Her Majesty's Government. If this country, M. de Laveleye tells the members of the Cobden Club, persists in its attachment to the single gold standard, it will compel other nations to follow its example, and will thus provoke a struggle, or, as he prefers to express it, a scramble, for gold, which will inevitably enhance the value of that metal; or, in other words, will lead to a fall in prices. But a slow and continuous fall in prices, induced not by the abundance of commodities, but by the scarcity of money, means general distress. The farmer, getting less for his cattle and his corn, will not be able to pay the old rent to his landlord, or the old wages to his workpeople. The manufacturer, also getting less for his wares, will not be able to pay the old rate of wages, or make the old profits. And so with all other classes. Consequently, with prices, wages, salaries, rents, and profits must all come down. This will produce universal discontent, will lead to ill-feeling between classes, will intensify the bitterness of labour disputes, and generally will discourage production, while it will also check the accumulation of wealth, because there will be smaller profits and wages out of which to save. In their distress and discontent the producing classes will attribute their sufferings to foreign competition, and a cry will arise everywhere for protective duties. Thus the final result will be a war of tariffs. From these multitudinous evils, M. de Laveleye assures us, the only safety is to be found in universal bimetalism, which will provide the world with an abundance of metallic money, and will prevent, therefore, the fall in prices of which we have been speaking. The picture is an alarming one, but we venture to think that it need not disturb the equanimity of any amongst us. M. de Laveleye by implication admits what goes far to weaken his conclusion—namely, that the single gold standard gives advantages to those who adopt it over bimetalism. If it does not, why should other nations follow the lead of England, and bring upon themselves all these terrible calamities? If it does, on what ground should we give up admitted advantages to please our envious neighbours? It is to be borne in mind that our existing monetary system dates from the end of the great war against Napoleon, and that for half a century afterwards silver retained its full price. There was no struggle for gold, and none of the evils followed which M. de Laveleye holds up as warnings before us. The depreciation of silver dates only from the demonetization of that metal by Germany after the Franco-German war; and, consequently, if any nation is responsible for the approaching struggle for gold, it is Germany and not England. Why do not M. de Laveleye and those whom he represents address their remonstrances to Germany instead of to England? Or why should he expect us to redress a state of things brought about not by ourselves but by the Germans? If his argument means anything, it means that our monetary system is superior to that of other nations; that they are envious of us, and resolved that we shall not continue to enjoy our present advantages; and that, therefore, we had better give up those advantages for fear of suffering from the acts of those who thus envy us. That is hardly the kind of reasoning which will induce Englishmen to change their monetary policy. And, in truth, on such grounds it would be folly as well as pusillanimity to change. If there is to be a struggle for gold, the rich countries have clearly an immense advantage over the poor. Gold, like other commodities, can always be had by those who have the means of paying for it, and the rich countries have better means of paying for it than others. If, therefore, there is to be a struggle for gold simply because others are envious of our good fortune, we have reasonable ground for thinking we are able to hold our own, and it would be sheer imbecility to be frightened out of our advantages by threats such as M. de Laveleye adduces.

M. de Laveleye attributes to English economists the prevailing opinion that the single gold standard is the only sound one. We think, however, it would be difficult for him to prove the point. No doubt, English example has had immense weight. But we are inclined to think that the preference for gold is due partly to the abundance of gold caused by the great gold discoveries in California and Australia, and partly to the advance of the world in wealth during the present century. In rich countries there is a convenience in having a money composed of a very dear metal—that is to say, in having a money which has considerable purchasing power in a small compass. And as Western Europe and the United States have advanced immensely in wealth during the last three-quarters of a century, it is natural that the preference for gold has generally spread. And as gold itself became more abundant during the past thirty years, that preference was

able to show itself. To these circumstances we would attribute the existing preference for gold much more than to any doctrinaire opinions, though we do not dispute that a certain school of English economists did give currency to the notion. But the best school of English economists have never taught that gold is the only proper standard of value. Different metals suit different countries, and suit even the same country in different stages of development. The best opinion in England at present undoubtedly is that for rich countries gold is the most convenient standard of value, and for poor countries silver, because in rich countries transactions are usually large, and consequently it is convenient to have a standard which has much value in a small compass; whereas in poor countries transactions are small, and coins of small amount consequently are the most convenient. Foreign economists have misconceived this theory, and have understood it as implying an inferiority on the part of the nations which continue the silver standard or the double standard. It seems strange that such a misconception could prevail; yet in this very letter of M. de Laveleye we have a striking instance of the misunderstandings to which English writers are subject when dealing with these questions. It seems that Signor Luzzatti, the negotiator of Italian treaties of commerce, did us the honour on the 7th of February last to refer in the Italian Parliament to an article of ours, which he supposed to convey a threat to the following effect—that "England, France, and Germany will form a coalition to defend their gold, should Italy wish to take it away." We are quite unable to say to what passage Signor Luzzatti refers in this quotation, but we think we may assert with confidence that we never used the words here quoted. We have said, and on occasion we are prepared to say again, that it is unwise of Italy to resume specie payments in gold; that, if she does so, she will be unable to retain her gold, and instead of promoting, she will really hinder, her own economic development; that, in short, a silver standard is much more suitable to her present circumstances. We learn with surprise that Signor Luzzatti understood the article referred to as a threat. Even if it were our custom to threaten, we should certainly never have thought of a coalition between England, France, and Germany against Italy. The idea is in itself absurd, all the more so as we have often stated our conviction that Germany made a mistake in adopting the single gold standard, and would do wisely in returning to the single silver standard. But a coalition between any countries in this matter is impossible. The leading banks of each country must act for themselves to protect their own metallic reserves.

To return, however, to M. de Laveleye's gloomy anticipation of the consequences of the rejection of bimetalism, we should like to know from that eminent economist how he would give effect to a universal adoption of bimetalism, supposing it to be possible. At the present time silver is legal tender just as much as gold in France; yet silver accumulates in the Bank of France. As soon as it is paid out, it is paid in again by the public, who will not keep it in circulation. So, again, in the United States, silver is coined at the rate of 400,000 a month, yet silver will not circulate, because the public pay it into the Treasury as fast as the Treasury pays it out to its servants and contractors. And in New York the banks have actually entered into a compact with one another not to accept silver. Lastly, here at home the Bank of England is allowed to hold one-fourth of its metallic reserve in silver; but it never has used the privilege, and never is likely to do so. Supposing even that England and Germany at the Conference were to agree to adopt bimetalism, how would the bimetallic advocates ensure that the agreement would have any effect? Here in England it is almost certain that the banks would agree among themselves to receive and pay only gold, and almost all persons who have large sums either to take or give would also enter into similar agreements. Would bimetalists propose, then, that the Governments represented at the Conference should interfere with the freedom of contract so far as to forbid special contracts for payment in gold? and, if not, how would they get over this difficulty? We venture to think that the only effect of joining a bimetallic union by England would be that all persons in trade would have to contract for payment in gold, and if they did this, no more silver would circulate in England after the arrangement than before it. But a mere academic agreement that silver was to be full legal tender would not increase the consumption of silver, and it is only by an increase in the consumption of silver that its value can be raised. The bimetallic plan, then, is impossible, whatever way we look at it. And we venture to think M. de Laveleye's forebodings of evil are equally groundless. The United States, France, and her allies of the Latin Union will not bring upon themselves calamities such as M. de Laveleye describes simply because England and Germany will not join them in adopting bimetalism. Their Legislatures and Governments will be guided by the interests of the countries to which they belong, not by mere pique or foolish desire for retaliation. And, certainly, the consequences of a continuous fall of prices would be at least as serious in France and the United States as they would be in England. We saw at the time of the Pittsburgh riots how formidable and how numerous are the dangerous classes in the United States, and to what lengths they are prepared to go when spurred on by distress. In France, again, where parties are so envenomed, and the institutions of the country so new, general distress would lead to results which no Government will lightly face. It may be, of course, that both France and the United States will be compelled to demonetize silver; but

they will not do so because of the action of England. They will take the step because they are compelled by their own circumstances, and any aid that England might be willing to give them would certainly not avail to prevent the change. The truth is that people are too impatient about this depreciation of silver. If they would only wait a little longer, things would right themselves without any disturbance. The price of silver possibly may never again be as high as it was before the Franco-German war; but, once the present disturbances are over, and a condition of equilibrium is established, the price must become steady at some point. And, when once the price does become steady, no matter at what point, the evils which now affect trade will cease. As for the agricultural distress and the long depression in trade, to which M. de Laveleye incidentally refers, their causes are far different from any passing fluctuations in the value of silver, and no tampering with our own monetary system will have much effect upon them. The causes of the long depression in trade we have so often discussed that we need not refer to them now. And, as for the agricultural distress, it is sufficiently accounted for by the long succession of bad seasons with which we have been visited. A few good harvests would do more to set our farmers upon their legs again than any amount of tampering with the currency.

THE THEATRES.

WAS it worth while to go to a great deal of trouble to have the 1603 quarto of *Hamlet* acted by an inferior amateur company in order to see whether Herr Devrient was right or not in supposing it to make a better acting play than the accepted version as now arranged for the stage? "I, there's the point," as the quarto has it, which Mr. Furnivall and his friends proposed to their "fellow Shakspeare-students" at the St. George's Hall last Saturday. It is self-evident that a performance on the stage can neither help nor hinder the settlement of the literary question as to the source of this first edition; and, with all respect to the memory of Herr Devrient, we may doubt whether his opinion was of such importance as to require all this labour to settle its value. The contrivers of the spectacle had further the intention of showing us exactly how the piece looked when first played, without scenery and in the dress of the time. But in this, as in some other details, they did not act with the courage of their opinions. To be consistent, the actors should have worn the dress of to-day, not that of the Elizabethan period, which does not essentially differ from what actors commonly wear in ordinary performances. *Hamlet* should have superintended the play in evening dress and killed Laertes in a fencing jacket. If the play could not be given by daylight, it should at least have been lighted with candles, and not with gas. Still less should the gas have been raised or lowered, or turned on suddenly, to represent the dawn, when Horatio says that "the Sunne, in russet mantle clad, walkes ore the dew of yon his mountaine top." The parts of Ophelia and the Queen ought to have been taken by boys, not by women. It was perhaps as a compensation for this that the part of the player Queen, in the quarto Duchess, was taken by a stout youth, as tall within "the altitude of a chopine" as *Hamlet* himself.

Some such drawbacks were perhaps inevitable in a performance of this kind, but it was at least to be expected that a body of persons professing to be honouring Shakspeare's memory, and promoting the study of his works, should have made some effort to fit themselves for their task. The actors of Saturday, however, appear to have confined themselves to learning the mere words of their parts very indifferently well, and rehearsing just enough not to run up against one another. Mr. Furnivall, in his address before the curtain rose, begged the indulgence of the audience for whatever was amiss, for the absence of much that they might reasonably have expected from a regularly-trained company. And the indulgence asked was liberally given. The audience not only tolerated a version of *Hamlet* which botchers and pirates had done their best to reduce to a *caput mortuum*, but, with the exception of an occasional titter, they listened with a gravity of dubious merit while that degraded text was declaimed in a manner beneath criticism. Only once was there a general laugh. That was at *Hamlet's* querulous delivery of the words "O my propheticke soule, my uncle! my uncle!" which ended in an absolute whine. This was followed by a breakdown on the part of the Ghost, who had gone on at first with a perfectly confident sing-song; on recovering, he gabbled through the rest of his part as if conscience-stricken. The remainder of the performance was in keeping with this. The principal actor perfectly solved the problem of giving a *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark. There was something almost ingenious in the way in which he contrived to avoid even blundering into an attempt to do what he ought to have done. The other performers probably only appeared less bad because they had less to do. The ladies, Miss Zoe Brand and Miss Helen Maud, did show some power of acting; but even the latter, though much the best of the troupe, contrived to spoil her Ophelia by a series of offensively piercing screams. All showed, moreover, the airy confidence of ineptitude.

It is impossible to avoid wondering what can be expected of such a performance as this, except the gratification of much fussy vanity. If the degraded text of the First Quarto must be acted before we can tell whether the *Hamlet* given there be or not a better acting play than any possible arrangement of the accepted version, it must be given by competent actors. Amateur theatricals

are doubtless a good school of manners and culture, as well as a nice amusement for the actors, and are to be tolerated with politeness in private. It is, however, quite another thing for six-and-twenty persons to come forward heralded by much flourishing of trumpets by Mr. Furnivall's "New School of Victorian Shakspeareans," and pretend to settle an artistic question. They must expect to be judged by a standard proportionate to their pretensions, and we have already said what we think is in that case the judgment due on the performance at the St. George's Hall. Nobody supposes that admiration for Spohr would excuse four people who scarcely knew at which end to take hold of a fiddle-bow for inflicting on us a pirated edition or rejected draft of one of his quartets. And this is the exact parallel to the feat performed by Mr. Furnivall and his friends. It is high time that people who set up an idol and dub it Shakspeare should be made to understand that the antics they may be pleased to indulge in before it are not to be taken seriously.

At Sadler's Wells Miss Isabel Bateman has produced a new play by Mr. H. A. Jones. This piece, which is called *His Wife*, is a domestic drama of the traditional kind. There is a villain, Colonel Forester by name, who has seduced a maiden in humble life with the help of a Scotch marriage and under an assumed name. After casting her off and attempting to suppress all evidence of his marriage, Colonel Forester becomes engaged to a Miss Nelly Christy, although he knows that his wife, who goes by the name of Margaret Field, is still alive. Shortly before this second marriage is to come off Margaret Field, who is supporting herself as a needlewoman, turns up at Fairdale Hall, the home of Nelly Christy, and, meeting her husband by accident, claims him. She is, however, robbed of her certificate by the Colonel's faithful, though villainous, servant, and committed to gaol under a false charge. The remaining four acts are taken up with the Colonel's efforts to get her out of the way by various means—murder among them—her sufferings, and her final rescue by her friend and guardian angel, the Rev. Michael Christy. There are a certain number of loose threads in Mr. Jones's piece which want winding up more neatly. His villain is much too honourable a man for his part, and his fifth act ends just a little tamely; but the drama, on the whole, goes well, and the first four acts end with effective tableaux.

Miss Bateman made a decided success in the part of Margaret Field. Her appeal for help when about to be taken off to prison at the end of the first act, and her acting in the fourth when she is in a madhouse and well nigh mad in fact with grief and suffering, were very effective. Perhaps her best point was the speechless trance of grief with which she learns of her child's death at the end of the third act. She had the satisfaction of being well supported by her company. Miss Kate Pattison played the part of Nelly Christy very gracefully and gave what little pathos her rôle allowed very sympathetically. Mr. Brooke as Colonel Forester made a most cool and satisfactory villain. Two subordinate scoundrels of the male sex, and one female—Mrs. Puckram, the nurse in the madhouse—were adequately filled by Mrs. Carter and Messrs. Edgar and Redwood. We have seldom seen a better get up than that of Mr. Canninge as Dr. Spottle, and indeed the whole piece was excellently put on the stage. We believe we can congratulate Miss Bateman on having made a genuine success with *His Wife*.

On Wednesday afternoon a piece by Messrs. Savile Clarke and Du Terreaux was performed at the Gaiety by a company including several members not belonging to the ordinary staff of the theatre. The play, which is a drama of a distinctly sensational character, has the merit of perfect unity of interest and development. It is founded on the adventures of a gentleman who enlists as a soldier, and is then driven to desertion by his sergeant's tyranny. He becomes confidential clerk to a banker, but is reduced to despair by the persecutions of a lawyer, a Mr. Frere, and finally saved by the lawyer's daughter, and the discovery that his father—whom he imagined he had offended beyond forgiveness—has left him his heir. The story, it will be seen, affords abundant opportunity for effective situations, which are well utilized by the authors of the play and by Mr. Charles Kelly, who played the hero, Edward Carrell. Mr. Kelly looked his part in the first act, in which he has to represent a hunted-down deserter very well, but he was best in the third and last. In this he has to play a man who is driven to suicide by sheer despair, and is saved from death only to fall into apparently hopeless difficulty. In this scene Mr. Kelly's acting was both manly and pathetic.

Mr. Robert Brough played the character of a clerk, who has to be too continuously drunk, with considerable comic power. The chief female parts were taken by Miss Florence Terry and Miss Alma Murray. Miss Terry's acting was lively, and reminded us of her performance in the fifth act of *Shylock* at the Lyceum, when she suddenly developed an original capacity. Miss Alma Murray showed some power of expressing passion. A word of praise is due to Mr. S. Charteris's acting in the character of a banker, and J. C. Cowper's rendering of the lawyer, Mr. Frere.

At the Lyceum *The Corsican Brothers* has made way for a revival, which it is not too much to call brilliant, of *The Belle's Stratagem*. The wit, the humour, and the courtliness of Mr. Irving's Doricourt were already known to many playgoers. The fun and grace of Miss Ellen Terry's Letitia Hardy approach as nearly as possible to perfection. The assumption of the boyden seemed to us to be admirable alike in conception and execution. The other parts are capably filled. Mr. Howe appears for the

first time at this theatre as old Hardy, a part which, oddly enough, seems until quite lately to have been taken by a low comedian. Mr. Terriss will do well to give up wearing his sword in the minuet. The piece is mounted with excellent taste and discretion. So much unnecessary fuss has been made over the so-called mutilation of a clever play, the brightest parts of which are retained in the present version, that we may expect soon to see a performance from Mrs. Cowley's "first quarto" undertaken by Mr. Farnivall and his followers.

At the Folly Mr. Toole has revived a singularly amusing piece of nonsense called *The Wizard of the Wilderness*, in the course of which he performs some real and some affected conjuror's tricks with unflagging spirit and skill.

REVIEWS.

THORNTON'S FOREIGN SECRETARIES.*

MR. THORNTON, in a work which is probably his first, has not attained high literary excellence. It may, indeed, be doubted whether any recent writer has exhibited so habitual an indifference to the rules of grammar. That verbs require nominatives and nominatives verbs appears not to have occurred to the author, who also habitually fails to overcome the difficulties of the cases of pronouns, as *who* and *whom* or *he* and *him*. It is nevertheless odd that Mr. Thornton, in spite of the confusion of his language, not only writes like a gentleman, but always makes himself intelligible. His style may be compared to that of George III. in his letters to Lord North. No one can construe the King's sentences, but it is equally true that no one can misunderstand them. The process of thought is indicated if not expressed by the words, as when Lord Castlereagh is said to have accused an adversary of pulling out a white pocket-handkerchief like a crocodile. With similar indifference to minute accuracy Mr. Thornton relates how "after being herself forced on from the island of Protia, and seeing no other way out of the difficulties, Sir John Duckworth took advantage of the first fair wind to retrace his steps through the Sea of Marmora." The feminine pronoun represents the flagship, and the masculine the Admiral. The only fault of the narrator is that he thinks in the same sentence of both without observing the consequent change of gender. An elaborate eulogy on Lord Liverpool is perhaps less easily analysed:—

His Premiership is perforce brought before the readers of the later pages in this book, and has no place here; but the head of a school in statesmanship, which Prime Minister after Prime Minister has chosen to model itself upon, it proves that the possession of extraordinary information, unflinching patience, natural kindness, facility of expression both of tongue and pen, and, above all, a high rectitude of purpose, may land the possessor on the highest pinnacle of fame to which a British subject can attain.

The Premiership or the head of a school is apparently the proof of some proposition, while Lord Liverpool has been landed on the highest pinnacle of fame. The Minister himself would have been satisfied with a humbler position, but it is true that in popular estimation he has been underrated. He was successively overshadowed by Castlereagh and Canning; but he must have had a remarkable power of conciliation and management, and on more than one occasion he offered a spirited resistance to the King's encroachment. It may be worth while to correct an error in the second volume of the *Life of Wilberforce* which has led to some confusion. Lord Aberdeen, in 1856, is said to have told the Bishop of Oxford, then on a visit at Haddo, that Lord Liverpool was "greatly overrated." He proceeds to say, "True, his qualities were rather moral than intellectual, yet in difficult times he kept for years a Government together, and brought the country gloriously through a terrible war; but he was strictly fair, just, careful, painstaking, and honest." It is evident that Lord Aberdeen said that Lord Liverpool was underrated, and that he proceeded to correct a mistaken judgment. Either the reporter of the conversation or the printer accidentally reversed his meaning. In a later part of the same volume, Lord Aberdeen repeats the same judgment without using any ambiguous phrase.

Notwithstanding his enthusiastic praise of the Minister whom Lord Beaconsfield unjustly stigmatized as "the arch Mediocrity," Mr. Thornton is the very reverse of an exclusive partisan. The twelve or thirteen Foreign Ministers who are the subjects of his work excite in succession his gratitude and admiration. In several instances he applies to them indiscriminately the old-fashioned title of "our hero," with an impartiality worthy of a Public Orator presenting a batch of eminent persons to the University for an honorary degree. Grenville and Fox, Canning and Castlereagh, Aberdeen and Palmerston, successively provoke in him a mild outburst of the *furor biographicus*, which is generally directed to one object at a time. Even the Mulgraves, the Harrowbys, and the Hawkesburys, whose tenure of the Foreign Office has been almost forgotten, are recalled to memory by the sympathizing historian; and, notwithstanding the smile which his zealous sympathy may provoke, Mr. Thornton is on the whole in the right. All the statesmen whom he com-

memorates were anxious to discharge their duties as they understood them; and even Fox when he was in office preferred the welfare of the country to the interests of a faction. A few months earlier he had grudged the admission that the advantages of the battle of Trafalgar compensated for the relief which the victory afforded to Pitt. Even for George IV., though he was not a Foreign Minister, Mr. Thornton has a good word. "Whatever may have been the faults and shortcomings of George IV., he never, as a king, neglected public duty." It is perfectly true that "the poisoned pen of faction," and, it may be added, of cant, "has not been idle before and since the death of this unfortunate prince." It is a relief to find one benevolent apologist for George IV., or, indeed, two, for it seems that the King's "old friend Alderman Martin took up the cudgels in that interesting *History of Brighton* which bears his name." Mr. Thornton adds that "the volume should anyhow be read by all lovers of history, and of Brighton in particular." The classification of Brighton as a subdivision of the art or science of history is nearly as original as the vindication of George IV.'s character. On a very different person, more wholly unconnected with the Foreign Office, Mr. Thornton goes out of his way to bestow a somewhat surprising eulogy. "On the whole, the greatest Whig of the century, Thomas Babington Macaulay, rivalled Pitt and Fox themselves in forensic exposition, &c." The cheerful and indiscriminate admiration of every eminent person is pleasanter than the common propensity to carp and criticize, and perhaps it is equally instructive.

By the accident of remaining in office till 1801, Lord Grenville acquires a claim to be included in Mr. Thornton's catalogue. He judiciously quotes Lord Malmesbury's statement that no other Foreign Minister of his time was equally independent of his chief and his colleagues; yet the policy of his administration was attributed both at home and abroad almost exclusively to the Prime Minister. French historians of all shades of opinion, from Louis Blanc to Laufrey, believe that the steady opposition of England to the French Republic was inspired and maintained by Pitt. Grenville owed his introduction into public life, and his appointment as Foreign Secretary and leader of the House of Lords, to the friendship and confidence of his famous kinsman; but after the French war broke out he was far more earnest in his prosecution of the struggle than Pitt himself. At the time of the abortive Ghent Conference Pitt wrote to Lord Malmesbury that if it came to a choice between peace and war "either I or Grenville will go out, and it will not be I." In explaining his later financial arrangements, Pitt more than once confessed to the House of Commons that the long duration of the war had been to him a surprise and disappointment. If he could have foreseen the long continuance of the necessary efforts, he would have raised a larger proportion of the necessary funds by taxation, with a corresponding diminution in the public debt. After his resignation Pitt approved the Peace of Amiens, notwithstanding its unsatisfactory conditions, while Lord Grenville censured the tameness of Addington's Government, and the extent of the concessions which it made. At the same time Fox declared that he found it difficult not to rejoice in every triumph achieved by France and in every mortification incurred by England. It is difficult to reconcile with his former policy Lord Grenville's feeble resistance to France during his term of office as Prime Minister, and his long-continued opposition to the Peninsular War. As long as Fox lived, it was perhaps unavoidable that he should exclusively control foreign policy; but Lord Grenville owed no allegiance to Lord Howick. The tame abandonment of Continental independence by the Ministry nicknamed "All the Talents" was suitably rewarded by the Treaty of Tilsit, and by the French conquest of Spain. It was by no merit of theirs that both transactions were in their ulterior consequences injurious or ruinous to Napoleon. A liberal subsidy to Alexander before the battles of Eylau and Friedland would have been both politic and economical. There is no question connected with the history of the great war on which more general misapprehension prevails than the pecuniary relations of England to the Allies in successive coalitions. The war cost, in round numbers, a thousand millions, while the subsidies amounted to fifty millions, or one-twentieth part of the whole. All the great Continental battles, any of which might with better generalship have overthrown Napoleon, were rendered possible by English subsidies. The greatest achievement of Pitt's career was the organization in his last term of office of the great coalition of Austria and Russia, which was treacherously and foolishly repudiated by Prussia. When Pitt succeeded Addington, Napoleon was encamped at Boulogne, and the Continent was at peace. Before two years had passed the fear of invasion of England had finally disappeared, and Napoleon was compelled to risk his Empire in the struggle which was decided at Austerlitz. The Tory Governments which, after a short interval, succeeded, had the courage not only to follow the traditions of their master, but to prosecute, though with insufficient vigour, the war in the Peninsula which sapped the revenues of France. The criticisms of the Treaty of Vienna by Lord Grey and his reduced body of adherents were in some respects plausible, and even just; but Lord Liverpool, Lord Castlereagh, and the Duke of Wellington had no means of dictating to their powerful allies the conditions of the European settlement. The English Ministers were undoubtedly inspired by a well-founded dread of revolution and of revived French ambition; but the Duke of Wellington successfully resisted a further curtailment of French territory on the ground that, with-

* *Foreign Secretaries of the Nineteenth Century to 1834.* By Percy M. Thornton. 2 vols. London: Allen & Co. 1881.

out seriously impairing the power of France, it would create a standing grievance and a plausible pretext for war. The Peace of Vienna, with all its defects, was fully justified by its results, inasmuch as for nearly fifty years it secured the peace of Europe. For sixty-six years it has not been followed by war between England and France, a period which is double the longest intervals of peace which had occurred for many centuries. It is not surprising that Metternich, who was more responsible than Castlereagh for the conduct of the negotiations, should to the end of his life have regarded his own main achievement with unqualified complacency.

The change of tone and temper rather than of policy which was introduced into the conduct of affairs by Canning after the death of Lord Londonderry is gradually losing by lapse of time the historical interest which it may once have possessed. By an excusable miscalculation of political proportions Canning employed a grandiloquence, which was afterwards corrected by experience, in boasting of his interference with Peninsular squabbles and of his recognition of the Spanish Republics in South America. The new world which he said that he had called into existence to balance the old weighs nothing in the political scale. The Spanish colonies were decaying before the separation; and the process was not interrupted by the secession. The result is probably due to the practical elimination of Spanish blood, and to the increase of the indigenous race. The survival of the unfittest in moral and political aptitude unfortunately sometimes coincides with the converse results of physical adaptation to soil and climate. In Mr. Canning's time historical precedents were seldom checked by ethnological considerations. The results of the North American revolt had produced a hasty confidence in the progress of emancipated colonies. It is, after all, possible that the separation of the South American colonies from the mother-country may have been innocuous, or in some instances beneficial. The Spanish Viceroy administered a system as corrupt and oppressive as that of the Presidents who have succeeded them; and the removal of the former restrictions on trade was a perceptible advantage.

It would perhaps have been convenient to close the list of Foreign Secretaries at the death of Canning or with the formation of the Duke of Wellington's Administration. Lord Aberdeen and Lord Palmerston represented two conflicting systems of policy in a later generation, or, rather, they pursued the same objects by opposite methods. The animosity which was, as the *Life of Wilberforce* shows, felt by the former colleagues of Sir Robert Peel against Lord Palmerston was not exclusively caused by his foreign policy; but they seem to have attributed to Palmerston the war to which, in spite of their feelings and their deepest convictions, they had been themselves parties. Their weakness and their insincerity are curiously illustrated in Sir James Graham's conversation with Bishop Wilberforce. The truth is that Palmerston's apparently pugnacious policy coincided during his long tenure of office with the maintenance of peace. For the Crimean war no single statesman was so responsible as Lord Aberdeen. Forty years before he had incurred the ridicule of his diplomatic colleagues by contending that it was dishonourable to offer Napoleon at Chatillon terms of peace less advantageous than those which he had rejected while the allied armies were still beyond the Rhine. It is unfortunately true that diplomacy, which is the function of Foreign Secretaries, is almost identical with the more or less direct exhibition of force. It is desirable not to cause unnecessary irritation; but the friendship of other States habitually depends on implied threats and promises. The position of England at the end of the great war was the fulcrum on which successive Ministers rested their influence over European politics. Lord Palmerston believed in the national strength when it had, in comparison with the resources of other Powers, already begun to decline. Lord Beaconsfield will probably have been the last English statesman who will have sought to keep alive the old tradition. It will perhaps have been finally swept away by the abandonment of the new Indian frontier, and by the capitulation in the Transvaal. The vast armaments of the Continent have destroyed the ancient balance of power. The forty years which intervened between the fall of Napoleon and the Crimean war will perhaps be regarded hereafter as a golden age.

VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE.*

A RECENT writer on Latin literature has observed that the Romans in the age of Plautus had not arrived at the intellectual condition in which general moralizing on life is found agreeable. We are inclined to think that nations as well as individuals interest themselves in this form of literature only at a given period. Boys and unformed races do not care for it; mature men and women have more or less outgrown the taste. It is when a man wakens to the perplexities of the world, between eighteen and twenty-five, that he speculates on life as a whole. He is puzzled with big problems—he suffers, perhaps, from *Weltschmerz*. Afterwards, when he has real private cares and duties of his own, he ceases to vex himself about life, and devotes himself to living. It appears to us that English literature has reached this practical stage. We have scarcely any essayists who write about things at large—love, life, death, marriage, idleness, childhood, and so forth.

* *Virginibus Puerisque*; and other Papers. By Robert Louis Stevenson. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1881.

A. K. H. B. has been left by the death of Mr. Friessell almost alone in the field. We do not "even" Mr. Louis Stevenson, as his countrymen say, to A. K. H. B., or to the late Mr. Friessell. He at least is not a Montaigne *épicer*. He does not repeat the commonplaces, or appeal to the sympathies of middle-aged tradesmen and people in business. But his topics are those of all the old essayists—the wide, almost limitless topics which are neglected by a generation that has little care for general reflection, but is anxious to make special points in particular branches of history, literature, and science. Mr. Stevenson's interest in human life is absolutely untouched by any care as to how that life came to be organized and evolved. He takes it as he finds it.

A brief dedicatory letter explains very clearly the nature of Mr. Stevenson's aim. He had meant, he says, to be the *advocatus juventutis*, "to state temperately the beliefs of youth as opposed to the contentions of age," and to produce a volume that might be called "Life at Twenty-five." But Mr. Stevenson says he found it impossible to remain fixed at twenty-five, and he declares that "the shadows of the prison-house" lie on part of his essays. We scarcely agree with him in this estimate. The essays are those of an exceedingly clever man, who knows uncommonly little about the "prison-house" and its shadows. Mr. Stevenson complains that he cannot be a Socialist any longer. Except for that important loss to the revolutionary party, we fail to see any sign that his essays are either those of an old or a world-weary man. He need not try to fancy that, like the father of Aucassin in the story, *il a sons tens trepassés*. Only a man still young at heart will so resolutely disdain Sidney Smith's advice to "take short views." Only a young man will be as sad as night, or as Mr. Stevenson now and then. Older people take shorter views. They don't look on marriage, for example, as a stage so very near death and dissolution. A certain laird, who was "unco wastefu' in wives," as the parish sexton said, was married five times. Even at his fifth venture, we are sure that he did not say, with Mr. Stevenson, "Times are changed with him who marries; there are no more by-paths where you may innocently linger; but the road lies long and straight and dusty to the grave." Mr. Stevenson declares, as the last result of his philosophic contemplations, that "it is good to have been young in youth, and, as years go on, to grow older." This might be disputed. It is good not to dress like a younger man, nor to cultivate his fine swagger. It is good to feel that "we may all be mistaken, even the youngest of us." But surely a great deal of youth may be preserved, especially by people who find their young tastes cleave to them still. Many elders are young at Lord's, or on the moors, or the links; and Mr. Bright is much more than a boy again beside a salmon river.

It is a duty to remonstrate with Mr. Stevenson on his melancholy assumption of middle age. As far as his published works show, he is still, to use an American idiom, "just as young as he can live." His very style is young, and not without a certain quipsomeness. It is his own style, but here and there in the tissue one discerns a thread of Thackeray, of Carlyle even, of Emerson, of the great English essayists of the eighteenth century, or of old and quaint English. It is a very personal style, and, if we are to hint a fault and hesitate dislike, now and then somewhat too exclamatory, and too apt to address the reader with a familiarity which all readers do not equally admire. For this reason, and still more because, as we have said, the world is too old to care for general talk about life, Mr. Stevenson's essays are not every one's book. People are certain to like it very much indeed, or to be indifferent to it and even repelled by it. In Mr. Stevenson's charming books of sentimental and humorous travel, the *Inland Voyage* and the *Travels with a Donkey*, the landscape was always with us. If we tired of the talk of our companion (which, for our part, we never did), the hills, and swift rivers, and forests of chestnut-trees were there to admire. In these essays of course we have Mr. Stevenson without his environment of landscape. How much or how little any reader will appreciate his discourse is a matter of individual taste and habit of mind. For our own part, we have always heard him gladly, and generally differed from him exceedingly. "These notes, if they amuse the reader at all," says the author, "will probably amuse him more when he differs than when he agrees with them; at least they will do no harm, for nobody will take my advice." Yes, in spite of Mr. Stevenson's deliberate counsel, ladies will still marry men who do not smoke and brides will be won even by total abstainers.

But let us examine Mr. Stevenson's theory of life, as he entertained it in his salad days. *Ecrasez l'infâme*, he cried; and *l'infâme*, in Mr. Stevenson's eyes, was "the infamous Budget"—that is, Mr. Samuel Budgett, the Successful Merchant. Mr. Stevenson is irreconcilable to a world of commerce and "business habits," a life in which men go to offices. Every man in Edinburgh (where we learn that Mr. Stevenson has resided, if not "lived") does go to an office of one sort or another. Of these persons Mr. Stevenson speaks with a bitterness almost akin to the spirit of persecution. He draws what he obviously thinks a terrible picture of a busy person compelled to be idle:—

It is no good speaking to such folk: they cannot be idle, their nature is not generous enough; and they pass those hours in a sort of coma, which are not dedicated to furious molling in the gold-mill. When they do not require to go to the office, when they are not hungry and have no mind to drink, the whole breathing world is a blank to them. If they have to wait an hour or so for a train, they fall into a stupid trance with their eyes open. To see them, you would suppose there was nothing to look at and no one to speak with; you would imagine they

were paralyzed or alienated; and yet very possibly they are hard workers in their own way, and have good eyesight for a flaw in a deed or a turn of the market. They have been to school and college, but all the time they had their eye on the medal; they have gone about in the world and mixed with clever people, but all the time they were thinking of their own affairs. As if a man's soul were not too small to begin with, they have dwarfed and narrowed theirs by a life of all work and no play; until here they are at forty, with a listless attention, a mind vacant of all material of amusement, and not one thought to rub against another, while they wait for the train. Before he was breeched, he might have clambered on the boxes; when he was twenty, he would have stared at the girls; but now the pipe is smoked out, the snuff-box empty, and my gentleman sits bolt upright upon a bench, with lamentable eyes. This does not appeal to me as being Success in Life.

This is a painful sketch of failure, but are industrious people really so forlorn? We have never met with any such, except in Mr. Henry James's little tale, the *Pension Beaurepas*, where there is a New Yorker as miserable, out of his counting-house, as the deplorable creature of Mr. Stevenson's imagination. A regular man of business would hurry off and "do" the town, or he would instruct himself with the conversation of the traffic manager, or he would read the city articles in all the papers, or he would write letters in the waiting-room. We differ as much from Mr. Stevenson about the value of life. Indeed, he is not consistent,—not that that charge will distress him much,—with himself. This is the conclusion of his whole philosophy—"to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labour." That is to say, life is worth living for living's sake, for the sake of consciousness of effort and of experience. Yet Mr. Stevenson, in a charming essay called "*Æs Triplex*," denies that we can love life, defined as a "permanent possibility of sensation." The language is that of the schools since Mr. Mill's date; but the meaning is Mr. Stevenson's own meaning. We are attached to life, because it is always calling on us for exertion, and presenting to us spectacles of interest; in fact, because it offers a permanent possibility of sensation, action, and emotion. All philosophers, including Aristotle and Mr. Stevenson, are pretty well agreed about that matter. The difference is only in language. It is the *trippya* we all care for; but then Mr. Stevenson comes in with his difference. He wants, or seems to want, this consciousness of the various world, and of our active and passive share in it, to be enjoyed, not in the "perfect life," but in the life Bohemian. We are obliged to use that detestable word. His youthful conception of existence is that of a healthy and reflective nomad who walks in the ways of his heart and the sight of his eyes. Thus he writes:—

To reckon dangers too curiously, to hearken too intently to the threat that runs through all the winning music of the world, to hold back the hand from the rose because of the thorn, and from life because of death: this it is to be afraid of Pan. Highly respectable citizens who flee life's pleasures and responsibilities and keep, with upright hat, upon the midway of custom, avoiding the right hand and the left, the ecstasies and the agonies, how surprised they would be if they could hear their attitude mythologically expressed, and knew themselves as tooth-chattering ones, who flee from Nature because they fear the hand of Nature's God! Shrilly sound Pan's pipes; and behold the banker instantly concealed in the bank parlour! For to distrust one's impulses is to be recreant to Pan.

The old toast wished "success to our inclinations, provided they are virtuous." Mr. Stevenson has no such cautious distrust of his impulses. He, at least, is not "Pan's dastard." Mr. Max Müller has discovered that Pan was really "a purifying or sweeping wind," which does not absolutely account for the god's goat's-feet, nor for his singular, and even scandalous, reliance on the excellence of his own impulses. But Mr. Stevenson does not appear to take Mr. Müller's view of Pan. Perhaps years, which take away the philosophic mind, will also lead him to doubt the wisdom of being a creature of impulse. Meanwhile, this confidence in impulse, this nomadic habit, this familiarity with solitude and with nature, make a great part of the singularity and of the charm of his work. If he were not so much a disciple of Thoreau, he would be much more like a disciple of Henry Murger, for which it would be a great error to mistake him.

We have said so much of Mr. Stevenson's philosophy of life that we have no room for his theory of love and marriage. He is almost inclined to doubt whether Scott was ever in love. One or two short passages of autobiography in Lockhart, scraps written early and late in life, seem to us to make the affirmative answer a matter of certainty. Scott's heart was less "prettily mended again" than he himself declared, and the crack rings audibly enough in his poetry and prose.

Perhaps the best of Mr. Stevenson's essays are the excellent and most spirited paper on "English Admirals" and the singular vision of approaching death, styled "Ordered South." From this we quote an example of Mr. Stevenson's touch, when he deals with landscape, the landscape of Southern France:—

Or it may be something even slihter: as when the opulence of the sunshine, which somehow gets lost and fails to produce its effect on the large scale, is suddenly revealed to him by the chance isolation—as he changes the position of his sunshade—of a yard or two of roadway with its stones and weeds. And then, there is no end to the infinite variety of the olive-yards themselves. Even the colour is indeterminate and continually shifting: now you would say it was green, now grey, now blue; now tree stands above tree, like "cloud on cloud," massed into filmy indistinctness; and now, at the wind's will, the whole sea of foliage is shaken and broken up with little momentary silverings and shadows. But every one sees the world in his own way. To some the glad moment may have arrived on other provocations; and their recollection may be most vivid of the stately gait of women carrying burthens on their heads; of tropical effects, with cranes and naked rock and sunlight; of the relief of cypresses; of the troubled, busy-looking groups of sea-pines, that seem always as if they were being wielded and swept together by

a whirlwind; of the air coming, laden with virginal perfumes, over the myrtles and the scented underwood; of the empurpled hills standing up, solemn and sharp, out of the green-gold air of the east at evening.

The very great interest of a paper on "Raeburn's Portraits" may, perhaps, be most felt by Scotchmen, but should be apparent and attractive to all readers. The *Essay on Childhood* is full of sympathy and observation. Indeed, there is no paper in this little collection but is sure of its readers, none that can fail to give a novel and exciting pleasure when the right man or woman opens the book in the right mood and the right hour. But we admit that this harmony of moment and mood are necessary, and that Mr. Stevenson's book is not one for every student and every condition of feeling.

FROM EXILE.*

THE jaded voluntary in novel-reading may possibly cavil at the construction of Mr. Payn's latest work of fiction on the ground that, to his experienced eye the secret which runs through the book is revealed, or at least suggested, for reasons in which his confidence is never subsequently shaken, as early as the forty-first page of the first of three volumes. But perhaps neither Mr. Payn nor any other prolific novel-writer can be expected to write for old hands at novel-reading only, and he would be a very capacious old hand who was not amply compensated for any feeling of satiety suggested by his early penetration into the plot by the merits which one has learnt always to expect in Mr. Payn's work. The leading idea of *From Exile* is founded on the many cases of personation, in the latest of which a kind of languid interest was the other day revived, and of one of the most daring and successful of which Vidocq was the hero. This celebrated thief, and subsequently thief-taker, has recorded in his memoirs how one of his most audacious and brilliant escapes from prison was due, so far as the duration of its success went, to his having picked up enough of a fellow-prisoner's private history to enable him, with the aid of the histrionic power he possessed, to pass himself off as the returned son of an old couple upon whom he had never set eyes before, but who welcomed him "with effusion." The task undertaken by, we must not say the hero, but the principal figure of Mr. Payn's *From Exile*, is less difficult than Vidocq's, and its undertaker's talents are by no means equal to those of the inventor of the *police de sûreté*; but, while Mr. Payn's story is a good deal longer than Vidocq's, it is only fair to say that, even if the secret is guessed at the point above referred to, the interest of the book can never be said to flag. There are many difficulties in the way of the imposture being detected by those personages of the story to whose interest it chiefly is that it should be discovered; and, in the management of the overcoming of these, as well as in several more or less subordinate episodes, Mr. Payn's technical skill in exciting and suspending his readers' interest finds plenty of play. Nor can any one complain that there is any want of incident in the volumes; indeed, the catastrophe which opens the way to everybody, except the villain, being happy ever afterwards is as sensational as can be desired by the greediest devourer of novels of the school indicated by the epithet just used.

The novel opens with a freshly enough chosen place and incident:—"On a rock, rising sheer from the purple depths of the mid-Pacific, stands a man beneath a flagstaff from which lazily droops the British Union Jack." Silence and solitude are around him, and, as he stands with his eyes fixed on the horizon, he is as motionless as a statue, and as dumb. A sculptor would have been glad of such a model, though perchance he would have attired him differently. He is in an English sailor's dress, so far as he can be said to be dressed at all—that is, he has blue trousers, fastened by a belt around his waist; but the cloth is in rags, and the leather is worn thin, and has lost all trace of its original colour. He has a snow-white shirt, not made of linen, however, but of some soft and pulpy substance—the bark of the paper mulberry tree, macerated in a running stream, and beaten out, like gold leaf, by a wooden mallet. His headgear is a large leaf of many colours, which not only shields his face from the tropical sun, but trails behind his back like a dustman's cap; and yet his face, naturally swarthy, has become tanned almost to copper-colour by the sun-rays of a clime where it is seldom cooler (save in storm times) than England's June, though rarely warmer than its July.

Further than this, the out-of-door life and enforced temperance of ten years spent on what seems a desert island, have tended to foster the natural, if somewhat fierce, handsomeness of this young fellow, who "has no expectations, and yet it is plain he has placed himself on that coign of vantage beneath the British flag, with some idea of seeing or being seen by some one. . . . But for the brightness of his eyes, and a certain passionate look in them, which puzzles you, you would say his expression was indifferent." His expression suddenly changes, however, as a speck of white on the horizon catches his eye, and, with a face instinct with hope and fear, he catches up a telescope and makes out that what he has seen is a ship bearing the British flag. Then he hesitates for a time between conflicting emotions, and then flinging the telescope down, he rushes down hill to a wooden cabin, where, bursting open a sea-chest, he drags two little packets from the bottom of it. Having done this, he climbs down the sheer face of a cliff with startling rapidity, and leaping into a small canoe, paddles out into the open sea already foaming with the coming storm. After some two hours' struggle, he comes so near the

* *From Exile*. By James Payn, Author of "By Proxy." London: Chatto & Windus. 1881.

ship that those on board see him, and as "he deftly glides up a snow mountain into a dark green valley, under her quarter, a rope is thrown to him by which he swings himself on board; at the same time spurning with his feet the little bark of safety that is no longer necessary to him, and which proceeds bottom upwards, like a largish turtle, on its road to ruin." In answer to the questions of the second lieutenant, the new comer announces that his name is Frank Wylder, that he comes "from yonder rock, called Craglands Isle, on which you will go to pieces on the reef within half an hour, if you keep on your present course." Presently the first lieutenant, in conversation with the second, says, on hearing of the new arrival's name, "Wylder, Wylder! and shipwrecked! That is really very curious. I knew a Wylder in Cumberland who disappeared from his family about ten years ago, and was supposed to have been lost at sea; that is, I knew his father."

"Was he a black man?" inquired Lennox, innocently.

"What nonsense you talk. He was a Cumberland squire, of considerable property, though, to be sure, he was swarthy."

"I should think his wife must have been swarthy, too, if this is their offspring. He is not like a nigger, however, for his hair hangs down his back like a girl's, except that there is little doubt of its being his own."

"I am certainly curious to see him," mused Grant.

"I recall the story now quite distinctly. He quarrelled with his father, Ernest Wylder, of Craglands."

"Craglands," interrupted the other, "why that is the name of his island. He called it Craglands Isle."

"Then that cannot be a mere coincidence," ejaculated the first lieutenant, "but Frank Wylder it must be."

"Now you mention it, he did tell me his name was Frank."

"Well, 'pon my life, it's most extraordinary," observed Grant, reflectively, "to think that we should have been drawn out of our course, apparently all for nothing, and, sighting that solitary rock, have been the means of rescuing this unhappy man from what would probably have been a lifelong exile. If there be such a thing as a special Providence, this surely looks like it."

"It won't look like it, however, to the younger brother, who is calculating on the succession in the meantime," remarked Lennox.

At about this point Wylder himself appears, and in the course of the conversation which follows makes what will strike the practical novel-reader as a somewhat curious slip. Having given some account of his shipwreck on Craglands Isle—so called, as Grant had guessed, after his old home—he finishes by saying that he has lived alone on it for ten years. To this Grant replies that he could have sworn that after Wylder came on board he saw through his glass the flag lowered that was flying above the rock; "indeed, it seemed to me as though there was signalling with it." Wylder replies, smiling, that there can hardly have been any attempt at signalling, although the flag may have been lowered. "When I said I was alone, I should have explained that what I meant was, that I had no European companion. I found some natives on the island, who, upon the whole, have treated me kindly. They have no love for strangers, however, and were certainly far from wishing to attract your attention."

In the next and third chapter we are introduced to a skating party taking place on Cragland Mere, and make the acquaintance of two very attractive girls—Grace Wylder, cousin of the missing Frank, and Helen Turton, her friend. Somewhat *à propos de bottes*, we learn some significant facts in the course of their conversation—that a certain Richard Rideout used to be the constant sporting companion of the missing Frank; that the said Rideout was concerned in a murderous poaching affray, for which he would have had to stand his trial but for the supposed fact of his being drowned in the Mere; and that this supposition was never verified by the finding of his body. In subsequent chapters we learn that the present Squire of Craglands, Frank's uncle, has "had losses"; and we are also told of the circumstances of Frank's disappearance, and how, amongst other things, the beautiful and noble Margaret Neil, to whom he had been betrothed, found out, too late, that the tales of his vulgar vices were untrue; and that it was not he, but Rideout, who, not without reason, bore a certain resemblance to him, that had been seen in suspicious situations. Then comes the news of Frank's discovery on the desert island, and shortly afterwards appears Frank himself. The first people who meet him are Grace Wylder and Helen Turton, who are, like the reader, struck by various oddities of speech and manners in the young man, but are ready to set them down to his long residence on his desert island. Here, of course, with the reception of Frank by the Squire, with the words, "Let him come in, Jennie. Get him something to eat and drink, and —," added he to himself as he led the way indoors, "I wish to Heaven it would poison him," begins that interest which, as we have before said, is kept up without flagging to the end of the book. We do not intend to indicate the nature of the surprises which are in store even for the reader who has, or thinks he has, foreseen what will be the end of the complication; and we may end as we began our notice of an exciting book by calling attention to the undiminished liveliness of Mr. Payn's style.

WHAT IS A CAT?*

THIS is the question which Mr. Mivart propounds at the outset of his treatise, and the answer occupies 557 closely-printed pages. As Bishop Berkeley began to write on the virtues of Tar-Water, and ended with a proof of the existence of the Trinity,

* *The Cat: an Introduction to the Study of Backboned Animals, especially Mammals.* By St. George Mivart. London: Murray.

so Mr. Mivart rises from minute investigations of the organic structure of the cat's body to disquisitions on its psychology, and then, after passing in review all cats, known and unknown—a vast procession headed by our own familiar "Thomas," and terminated by strange creatures from geological strata, whose forms can only be guessed at from fragments, a tooth here, and a claw there—he dons the garb of a polemical divine, and vindicates for Divine agency a distinct share in the origin of every species. We remember in the days of our youth certain tortuous problems in arithmetic, wherein a countryman, on being asked how many eggs he had in his basket, replied in an evasive fashion that this needed the application of several rules to unravel it. How we used to wish that his answer had been more straightforward! Some such feeling came over us, we own, as we read Mr. Mivart's ponderous volume; and the more we think it over, the more convinced we are that it would have been much more effective had it been shorter. The half is often much better than the whole, if authors would only think so. Mr. Mivart's main intention is excellent, as set forth in his preface. He has proposed to himself to select some living organism, the description of which should serve as "an introduction to the natural history of the whole group of back-boned animals" (the italics are his, not ours), the subject being treated with the same minuteness of detail that has hitherto been bestowed upon the human species alone. For this purpose he had to choose between one of the lowest and simplest or one of the highest and most complex of living creatures. There is much to be said in favour of each of these courses. As the greater includes the less, it is easier to proceed in a descending scale; and as the nomenclature of the different parts of all "back-boned animals," to adopt Mr. Mivart's phraseology, has been fixed by that of man so immutably that there seems to be no hope of changing it, there is a certain convenience in mastering it once for all, before the student proceeds to study birds, reptiles, or fishes. On the other hand, the said nomenclature is, unfortunately, not a philosophical one. It was first adopted when the anatomy of any other creature was not thought worthy of investigation. It is based on resemblances, real or fancied; on relations that are found in man only; or on the discoveries of particular observers. In consequence, when applied to other organisms, it is often unmeaning or misleading; and some of the ablest of German anatomists have found it necessary to begin their researches with a lower and more generalized form, and to propose an entirely new nomenclature for the different parts. We rather regret that Mr. Mivart did not select the first of the two courses mentioned above, and work out the anatomy and life-history of some lower form with the same ability and industry (though let us hope not with the same prolixity) that he has brought to bear upon "the harmless necessary cat." Such a treatise, if well done, might become the starting-point of a new system of biology, which would in time, as other monographs were written, include all the higher forms, with the exception of Man. As the human body is studied for practical purposes, and not for the extension of science, no inconvenience would be caused by leaving the description of it as it is at present, with a set of designations devised without reference to the existence of any other mammal. Mr. Mivart, however, has determined otherwise; and, having come to this decision, it is obvious that no animal would suit his purpose so well as the cat, being so well known, so readily accessible, and "the most highly-developed type of carnivorous mammalian life." It is not the first time that it has been used for this purpose. Nearly forty years ago M. Straus-Durckheim published an elaborate and exhaustive monograph on its osteology and myology, with excellent plates, as "type des mammifères en général, et des carnivores en particulier"; and in his introduction he traverses much of the ground covered by Mr. Mivart. Strange to say, we can find no reference to this book, either in his text or in his notes, though it is quite inconceivable that he should not have read it.

Mr. Mivart begins with a short introduction, in which, firstly, he discusses very briefly the origin of our domestic cat. We wish that this part of the book could have been longer. It is a very interesting subject, and would well bear going into with minuteness of detail. His conclusion—the reasons for which he does not give—is that our cat came to us from the East, and "is probably a descendant of the old domestic cat of Egypt." Dismissing in a sentence the theory of Professor Rolleston that the domestic cat of the Greeks was the white-breasted marten, he proceeds to enumerate the existing breeds of cats, amongst which it appears that there is one in South America that does not "miaul," or, as Mr. Mivart politely puts it, "give forth cries like those by which our own cats are wont to give expression to their emotional sensibility." We devoutly echo his wish that this delightful novelty could be introduced into this country. In the next place, we come to the order to be observed in the bulk of the treatise. Here Mr. Mivart pauses, to lay down the position that, in order to be able to give a correct answer to the question "What is a cat?" we must "know both the main facts as to the animal considered in itself absolutely, and the various leading relations in which it stands to all other creatures"; or, as he explains a little further on, its anatomical structure, which includes, according to him, not merely the form, relations, and functions of the organs, but the activity of the animal as a whole, which he terms "the physiology of the individual or Psychology" (the italics are his), its *Hexiology*, and its *Phylogeny*; and further still, we are invited to compare the cat with all other living creatures. This is a formidable programme, and the strange words in which

it is set forth trail their novel length along and rattle their six syllables in a fashion that may well appal the stoutest advocate of transcendental anatomy. On closer investigation it appears that the cat's "Hexicology" means the study of the cat's "relations to time, space, physical forces, other organisms, and to surrounding conditions generally"; and the cat's "Phylogeny," the tracing out its probable pedigree. Seriously, however, we think that a very great deal of this is superfluous. These questions are of the highest importance and interest; but such a return to first principles is surely out of place in the present treatise; as, indeed, is much of the preliminary part of the anatomical investigations, where the chemical constituents of bone, and the histology of such common substances as cartilage, connective tissue, and the like, are described and figured. In Moore's *Lalla Rookh* the learned Fadladeen proposed to begin his criticism on "The Veiled Prophet" by taking a review of all the stories that had ever been written. We all laugh at such a proposal; but really the attempt here made amounts to much the same thing. Moreover, if every time that an anatomical monograph is written it is to include all those subjects which nowadays can be found treated of exhaustively in plenty of accessible books, we hardly like to think of the number or the weight of the volumes that will encumber our shelves. Original research is a very desirable thing; but surely the iteration of truths that have been stated over and over again falls into the category of vain repetition. The eight chapters (iii.-x.), however, which contain the description of the cat's skeleton, muscles, alimentary system, circulation, respiration, organs of secretion, nervous system and organs of sense, and development, are very good; and if anybody will take the trouble to get a cat's skeleton, and then a cat's body, and work through the descriptions carefully for himself, we can assure him that he will find that he has acquired much sound knowledge on the normal structure of mammalian osteology and visceral anatomy.

The chapters whose contents we have thus briefly mentioned terminate at p. 364, and then the portion of the work begins to which the rest is merely introductory, and for the sake of which we suspect that it was written. The author's previous works have taught us his peculiar views on the theory of evolution, and in this monograph he finds a fresh opportunity of stating and enforcing them. The chapters we have now to notice are headed "The Psychology of the Cat"; "Different Kinds of Cats"; "The Cat's Place in Nature"; "The Cat's Hexicology"; and "The Pedigree and Origin of the Cat." We give their titles in the order in which they occur, but it will be most convenient to notice them in a rather different sequence. Under "Different Kinds of Cats" we have a list of the species of living cats—fifty in number— which the author is disposed to accept, accompanied by a short description of each, and illustrated by numerous figures of the animals and their skulls. This enumeration is succeeded by a brief account of extinct cats and catlike animals, which, we are sorry to say, disappoints us greatly. We have already stated our opinion that information of this sort should be sought for in some of the ordinary text-books; but, putting that objection aside for a moment, we venture to find fault with the execution of this section. It is so much compressed that beginners will be simply bewildered; while advanced students, though grateful for the numerous references contained in the notes, will feel the want of fuller descriptions and more numerous illustrations. This chapter is succeeded by that headed "The Cat's Place in Nature." In this the author contrasts the cat with, firstly, "creatures that are devoid of life," by which unusual expression the "mass of non-living, inorganic things" is meant; and next passes on to invertebrates, the review of which he concludes as follows: "Inasmuch, then, as the cat is a back-boned animal, it may be said to differ from the whole of the invertebrata in the following points;" and so on through fishes, reptiles, birds, and the lower orders of mammals, each section being dismissed with the formula of which one example has been cited above. By this means the cat is carried upwards stage by stage, as though the author were ascending a long staircase, and shouting in triumph as each landing was gained, till, at the top of the last flight, he proclaims it to be "a member of the typical genus of the typical family of carnivorous placental mammals—mammals being the suck-giving, tied-brained class of back-boned animals"! No doubt Mr. Mivart has written this portentous sentence from a wish to avoid the obscurity of long words derived from a dead language; but we submit that "tied-brained" is quite as difficult of comprehension as the usual "zygcephalous." We have no space to do more than allude to the chapter on "Hexicology," which is mainly devoted to geographical distribution, and is very interesting; or to that portion of the last chapter wherein a genealogical tree of the cat from its most remote ancestors is constructed. We have a few words, however, to say on the cat's psychology, and on the concluding sections of the last chapter, in which the theory of evolution is treated. The term "psychology," as we explained above, is held by our author to embrace not merely the cat-mind, but "all the vital activities, of whatsoever kind," of which the cat or any other animal is capable. Mr. Mivart begins by citing several interesting illustrations of the intelligence, the affection, and the instinct of cats. To these we can add a curious instance of charity on the part of a cat which came under our own observation. A much-petted domestic cat had a saucer of cream regularly set for her in the verandah of a country house. One day, when there was more than she wanted for herself, she went out into the garden and brought in a half-starved

kitten, a stranger to the house, to share her meal; and while it lapped the cream she sat by and protected it from the dogs, who viewed its presence with much jealousy. We once saw a dog do nearly the same thing. Mr. Mivart denies that animals have language to express their thoughts. Perhaps not, as we understand the word; but they certainly have some means of communicating their ideas to each other. We think that Mr. Mivart errs in comparing cats with man at his best. Degraded forms of the human species could be found, we imagine, whose habits were not more elevated and far less cleanly than those of cats; while their power of communicating their ideas, such as they are, to each other would be quite as unintelligible to ourselves. Mr. Mivart next sets forth his own meaning of the word "psyche," or "soul," by which we are to understand "the living principle of individuation," or, as he says in another place, "a power, or polar force, which is immanent in each living body, or, rather, which is that body living." In this there is nothing very different from the conception of life which other authors have arrived at. Mr. Mivart, however, has a special object in laying down the doctrine so carefully. In one of the anatomical chapters he had traced out the stages of the cat's development, and had pointed out the remarkable appearances presented by the embryo at different periods. He next argues that this "internal force" effects each of these successive changes; and, further, that it is but reasonable to suppose that the same force, when set in motion by "a Great First Cause," brings about that greater change which differs from the former in degree only—namely, the evolution of one species out of another, which "mode of origin may, as opposed to the hypothesis of natural selection, be fitly termed psychogenesis." Natural selection is stigmatized by Mr. Mivart as "a crude and inadequate conception." We confess ourselves, however, wholly unable to see how his "internal force," controlled by divine agency, is a worthier conception of supernatural interference than the existence and operation of natural laws which, on his own theory of the universe, must be part of the same scheme of creation.

GULSHAN-I RÁZ.*

THIS *Mystic Rose Garden* is a work on the doctrines of the Persian Sufis, written in verse by Sad ud din Mahmud of Shabistari, near Tabriz. It was composed in A.H. 717 (A.D. 1317) in answer to fifteen questions on the doctrines of the Sufis, or Mahomedan Mystics, propounded by Amir Syad Hosaini, a celebrated Sufi doctor of Herat. These questions were sent to Khurāsán in a poetic epistle, and Sad ud din Mahmud was chosen by his brother Sufis to answer them. Little is known of the writer, but the fact of his having been called upon to respond by the professors of Sufi doctrines is a convincing proof of his authority and learning. The questions having been put in verse, it was desired that the answers should also be in rhyme. The author says—

I began
An answer to that epistle in concise terms.

All know that this person in his whole life
Has never attempted to write poetry;
And though his talents be competent thereto,
He has rarely had to compose verse.

His confidence in his powers was not unfounded, and his work is accordingly written in rhyme. Mr. Winfield has translated it into blank verse, a medium well adapted to the subject-matter.

Sufeyism is widely spread throughout the East, and although it has its foundation in the Kuran and the Hadis, or traditions of Mahomed, it has attracted to it men of various religions, who have felt the want of something more than a formal religion of rites and ceremonies, and have sighed for a nearer approach to the Divinity. Kabir, the celebrated Hindu reformer, was a Sufi, and his writings are full of Sufi ideas and teachings. All European writers who have considered the subject are agreed as to its near relation to the European mysticism, and especially to the speculations of the Neoplatonists. Mr. Winfield says in his very interesting introduction:—

Many of the Catholic definitions of "Mystical theology" would do for descriptions of Sufeyism. The ruling ideas in both systems are very similar, if not absolutely identical. Thus, for instance, we find the Sufis talking of "love to God," of "union with God," of "death to self and life eternal in God," of "the indwelling in man of the Spirit," of "the nullity of works and ceremonies," of "grace and spiritual illumination," and of "the Logos." Both systems may be characterized as religions of the heart as opposed to formalism and ritualism. Both exalt the "inner light" at the expense of the outward ordinance and voice of the Church. Both exhibit the same craving for visionary raptures and supernatural exaltations, and have been productive of similar excesses and extravagances. . . . Both systems have a tendency to Pantheism, and both use similar sensuous figures to express their visions and raptures.

The essence of Sufeyism, says Sir John Malcolm, is poetry. The chief poets of Persia, the great Maulana Jamál ud din, Shaikh Sadi, Hafiz, Jami, Omar Khayyam, were all Sufis; and indeed all Persian poetry of any note is imbued more or less with Sufeyism. The imaginative temperament of the poet lifted him above the trammels of creeds and the forms of religion, and as Sufis they

* *Gulshan-i Ráz: the Mystic Rose Garden of Sad ud din Mahmud Shabistari.* The Persian Text, with an English Translation and Notes, chiefly from the Commentary of Mahomed bin Yahya Lahiji. By E. H. Winfield, M.A., Barrister-at-Law, late of H.M. Bengal Civil Service. London: Trübner & Co.

became what they call themselves, "men of heart," "men looking behind the veil," "interior men"; and in their raptures they sought "the Truth," the Infinite in the world of imagination. Having no special terms in which to embody their poetic creations, they adopted the language of the world, and made the tavern and the wine cup, the ruby lip, the graceful curl, and such like, the images under which they expressed their mystic ideas and beliefs. The exhilaration of wine, the pleasures of love and of convivial intercourse, are made to figure the raptures of the soul and the joys of a spiritual existence. These terms are full of mystic meaning to the initiated, and are the means of uplifting his soul to high imaginings and raptures, in which he looks behind the veil, and arrives at some conception of what he deems "the Truth." Many of their productions are clothed in imagery so material that, to the ordinary reader they are mere rhapsodies of the lover and the reveller, and are read and admired as vivid and truthful pictures of the pleasures and troubles of this mortal life. This outward expression of the ideas of Hafiz, who constantly sings, or appears to sing, the joys of love and wine, led Sir W. Jones to call him the Anacreon of Persia. But under all the worldly imagery of the Sufi there lies a deep and hidden meaning, intelligible to men of kindred feelings, but unperceivable by the man of the world. The author of the *Gulshan* gives a long answer to the thirteenth question which inquires

What means the mystic by those expressions of his?

What does he indicate by "eye" and "lip"?

What seeks he by "cheek," "curl," "down," and "mole"?

He, to wit, who is in "stations" and "states"?

and he answers:—

Whatever is seen in this visible world

Is as a reflection from the sun of that world.

The world is as a curl, down, mole, and brow,

For everything in its own place is beautiful.

The epiphany is now in beauty, now in majesty;

Cheek and curl are the similitudes of those verities.

The attributes of the Truth are mercy and vengeance,

Cheek and curls of fair ones are types of these two.

When these words are heard by the sensual ear

At first they denote objects of sense.

The spiritual world is infinite,

How can finite words attain to it?

How can the mysteries beheld in ecstatic vision

Be interpreted by spoken words?

When mystics treat of these mysteries

They interpret them by types.

He goes on to explain that "wine, torch, and beauty" are epiphanies of "Verity." "To be a haunter of taverns is to be freed from self," for "self-regard is paganism, even if it be in righteousness." Other of the author's explanations are very long and diffuse, and he seems to have been overpowered by the variety and extent of his own ideas. Thus he says "The story of the curl of the Beloved is very long. Ask not of me the story of that knotted curl," but he describes some of its similitudes and effects. All the explanations of this interpreter of Sufeyism require careful study and comparison before anything intelligible can be arrived at; but for this very reason, perhaps, they are more appreciated by the mystic, who is proud of possessing a knowledge, or the shadow of a knowledge, unknown to the world at large. Jalâl ud din, as translated by an eloquent writer on Persian literature, is far more direct and intelligible. He says, "They (the Sufis) profess eager desire, but with no carnal affection, and circulate the cup, but no material goblet; since all things are spiritual in their sect, all is mystery within mystery." In words like these the great Sufi poets have embodied their high conceptions. The Sufi looks through the veil of words in which the inner meaning of the poet is shrouded, and the uninitiated, who comprehends no more or little more than the material sense of the words, is delighted with the beauty of the language and the elegance of the verse. Hence it is that the odes of the great poets, and of Hafiz in particular, are sung and recited throughout the East by men of all degrees; by many for the mystic meanings they embody, but by more, perhaps, for their sensuous imagery and burning language which is intelligible to all.

Mr. Whinfield in his introduction has analysed the contents of the various sections of the poem, and for this work his readers will be grateful. It will greatly help those who desire to read and understand the poem itself, and some readers no doubt will be sufficiently satisfied with its explanations to abstain from any attempt to push further and master the mysteries and difficulties of the Sufi poet. We quote as an illustration the analysis of Section VIII., which is one of the shortest:—

The creature state being non-existent, man cannot of himself move, draw near to, or unite with [the Truth]. Union is only a phrase for annihilating the phenomenal element in man—sweeping off the dust of contingent being. The genesis of the creature world is an eternal process. It is a drop of water raised from sea of Being in mist, poured down in rain, converted into plants, animals, man, and finally recalled into the bosom of the sea. Phenomena are constantly annihilated in the universal Noumenon, and this annihilation is union.

The poem contains many illustrations of the writer's argument. Among them is the following story, the subject of which is a favourite one with Oriental poets, and is more than usually explicit:—

I have heard that in the month Nysan
The pearl oysters rise to the surface of the sea of Umân.
From the lowest depths of the sea they come up,
And rest on the surface with opened mouths.
The mist is lifted up from the sea,
And descends in rain at the command of the Truth.

There fall some drops into each shell's mouth,
And each mouth is shut as by a hundred bonds.
Then each shell descends into the depths with full heart,
And each drop of rain becomes a pearl.
The diver goes down to the depths of the sea,
And thence brings up the glittering pearls.
The shore is your body, the sea is Being,
The mist Grace, the rain knowledge of the Namea,
The diver of this mighty sea is human reason,
Who holds a hundred pearls wrapped in his cloth.
The heart is to knowledge as a vessel,
The shells of knowledge of the heart are voice and letters,
The soul is darting as a lightning flash,
It bears these letters to the hearing ear.
Then break open the shell, take out the royal pearl,
Cast away the husk, carry off the sweet kernel.

Sufeyism, as we have said, is based on some mystical verses of the Kuran; but its development was furthered by the knowledge which the Mahomedans acquired of Western philosophy and mysticism. The chief Sufis have been Persians, and there are constant allusions to and quotations from the Holy Book and the Traditions. So the whole has a Mussulman colouring. But it has been declared by competent Mahomedan authority that "the Sufi has no religion on account of his non-observance of the rites, forms, or ceremonies of any religion." Notwithstanding this, the pure Sufi is held in high esteem by all intelligent Mahomedans. So far indeed is their reverence carried, that all their distinguished and learned men are deemed to have been more or less advanced Sufis. Nor is this surprising. Minds that were able to put a spiritual interpretation upon the hard and dry utterances of the Kuran, to lift them above the material facts of mundane existence to the unknown world and the life to come, were Sufis, perhaps even without acknowledging it. In fine, every elevated and enthusiastic teacher of the higher and more ennobling truths, though Mahomedan in his creed, was Sufi in his inmost soul, and let his imagination wander into the mysteries of life and future existence. The great license of thought which was the life of Sufeyism might be considered entirely adverse to sectarianism; but it is not so. It is the tendency of all religions, whether formal or spiritual, to split up into divisions; and there are three sects of Sufis, which cannot be described in a few words. Suffice it to say that the members of the first sect are gentle, gracious, and forgiving; those of the second ardent and enthusiastic. Those classified in the third division are endowed more or less with the virtues of both. Lastly, there is a dark side to Sufeyism. Some of its professors, in casting off the outward forms and ceremonies of the law, have held themselves also released from its moral rules and precepts, and have no scruple about indulging in sensual enjoyments or of writing of them in the most outspoken language. They interpret the mystic terms of their profession in the double sense; and, if they indulge in the grossest forms of sensualism and bodily indulgence, their minds soar at intervals in search of the Infinite, and are purified and exalted by their spiritual ecstasies.

The text of the verse is well printed in Talik type, in imitation of the MS., and the translation, so far as the exoteric meaning is concerned, is close and accurate. Mr. Whinfield may be trusted for having accurately rendered the esoteric terms and phrases. He has been assisted by a Commentary, which he commends, and has been most laborious and conscientious in his own work. We cannot predict anything like popularity for his book, but it is a contribution to philosophy for which a restricted few will be thankful.

HAUGHTON'S PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.*

IN a course of six lectures delivered in Dublin a few years ago for the benefit of the Governors Institution of Ireland, and now printed with additional notes and appendices, Professor Haughton has condensed into a popular form the results of the most recent research on several of the most important problems of physical geography. Professing to give rather a series of sketches than a formal exposition of this complex and engaging department of knowledge, his mastery of the subject has enabled him to compress into so narrow a compass the material which would in ordinary hands suffice to fill a treatise of no slight dimensions, whilst his mode of exposition has an amount of clearness which must agreeably lighten the task of the learner. If the facts and figures with which his pages are crowded to fulness present themselves with an abruptness as regards arrangement, as well as with a dryness of style, not always compatible with easy or pleasurable reading, they have that definiteness of aim and precision of statement which forms one of the highest points of merit in all lessons, making them easy for the memory to retain, and supplying both appetite and food for the speculative faculty. Mathematical formulæ are brought in where called for to illustrate the larger operations of nature, or to connect particular natural phenomena with the fundamental and all-regulating principles of the code of physical law, but not to an extent to tax unduly the powers or the attainments of the class of persons for whom these lessons are intended, themselves engaged in the duties of educating others. For the purposes of instruction these lectures will be found admirably fitted, teeming as they do with subjects capable of boundless expansion, and supplying

* *Six Lectures on Physical Geography.* By the Rev. Samuel Haughton, F.R.S., M.D. Dublin, D.C.L. Oxon, Fellow of Trinity College, and Professor of Geology in the University of Dublin. Dublin: Hodges, Foster, & Figgis. London: Longmans & Co. 1880.

under each head of inquiry such elementary facts as the teacher whose wants are contemplated would most gladly have ready to hand.

In a rapid sketch of the past history and future prospects of the globe on which we live, Professor Haughton sums up the steps which have been made good in terrestrial physics within the memory of men hardly beyond middle age. Forty years ago such a lecture, he remarks, would have been looked upon as the wild dream of a romance writer. Yet there may now be built up upon the solid basis of fact and demonstration, in a way to carry the confidence and conviction of the learner, an edifice of knowledge for the surety of which there are guarantees at every stage, and to the extension of which no limits can be set. Casting aside as futile the old-world speculations of metaphysicians concerning the possibility or the conceivability of the world being created out of nothing, modern science has set itself to work out the history of our globe as made up of materials existing as far back as the mind is capable of reaching, the actual origin or beginning of matter lying wholly beyond our powers of apprehension. It is to the great cosmical hypothesis of Laplace that we owe the first scientific conception and development of the idea of the evolution of the planetary system from a primary nebulous mass, later research having greatly extended our knowledge of the composition both of the sun and the subordinate members of the scheme, the main outlines of which advance the lecturer draws out and confirms by proofs. He is so far careful of one suspicion traditionally attaching to the daring scheme of the French physicist—"qui n'avait pas besoin de cette hypothèse"—as to premise at the outset that "the evolution of planets with their living freight from combinations of pre-existing materials by no means involves the denial of a creating and presiding mind; such an evolution as we find in nature—orderly, symmetrical, and regular—constituting, on the contrary, the highest proof we have from natural religion of the existence and power of God, the author of nature."

Since the days of Laplace our great gains have been in the way of the chemical composition of meteoric bodies and of the sun and stars. Among the constituents of the numerous extraterrestrial bodies that have been accumulated no new element has been discovered; but of the sixty-five elementary substances recognized by chemists, twenty-seven are understood to have been found in meteoric stones. Still closer is the identity established by spectrum analysis between the constituents of the sun and stars, comets and nebulae, and our earth. When first thrown off from the sun, as these indications go to prove, the earth with its satellite formed a binary system, rotating on its axis in precisely the same time as it now takes to revolve round the sun, there being then but one day and night in the year. As the earth's mass contracted by cooling, this motion gradually accelerated until the year became what it is now. Under the retarding action of the tides due to the moon's attraction, it is to be expected that in course of time the original condition will recur, as has come to pass in respect to the moon's motion round the earth, she having when first condensed into a separate body spun much more rapidly round our globe. A further identity in fate is thought to await our planet in the withdrawal into the interior by means of cracks or faults of all the water which now envelops it, not less than a third of the oceanic mass being held by some to have been already absorbed; the difference of ocean levels, which has often puzzled geologists, being thus accounted for. Shocked as the astronomer of a few years ago would have been at the accuracy of his great clock in the heavens being called in question, there is increasing urgency in the proofs presented by advanced reasoners like our author of the fact that the sidereal day is lengthening; foreboding the time when, the water and air having been absorbed, our planet will be reduced to the condition in which we now see the moon—a lifeless, dry, burnt-out cinder. That this process of deterioration has gone on so much more rapidly in the case of the moon is shown in the next lecture to be due in part to the lesser size of our satellite. A careful estimate is further given of the agencies which originally determined the structure and distribution of the earth's mass, and have since modified and altered the relations of land and sea. The lecture on continents and oceans, volcanoes and mountains, traces the tremendous operations of wrinkling and folding of the surface crust as the globe contracted under cooling, resulting in vast and lofty mountain chains and deep-sea valleys. The continents may be regarded as flat-topped table-lands, raised slightly above the sea-level, often with precipitous cliffs all round, or a fringe of volcanoes, corresponding, in all probability, to ancient lines of faults, of different geological age. Were the earth stripped of its oceans, there would be seen the true amount of wrinkling produced by these geological causes. If we call the zero plane the original surface of the globe before it became wrinkled at all, we can easily see that it must lie far below the present sea-level—7,000 feet, as Professor Haughton's formulæ bring it out. The mountain chains are the axes of elevation along which the continents were raised, differing widely from each other in geological age. The most modern is the great east and west chain which produced the continent of Eurasiæ, from the Pyrenees to the Himalayas, chiefly of nummulitic limestone. Our writer's charts show clearly the main axes upon which these elevations have taken place, with the comparative depths of the ocean basins or depressions. The great volcanic chains, both active and extinct, are also mapped out. Of these the Australian island chain forms perhaps the most conspicuous, starting from Tierra del Fuego, through the Andes, Central America, the Rocky Mountains, Aleutian Islands, Kamtschatka,

Japan, the Philippines, Sunda, New Guinea, and the eastern Australian islands; terminating in New Zealand; twenty-four thousand miles in length, or equal to the circumference of the whole globe. The total number of active volcanoes on the border of the Pacific basin is 175, considerably more than half the number shown by the entire earth (225). Of isolated volcanoes in this range and in the whole globe, the grandest are the group of the Sandwich Islands; Mauna Loa rising to a height of 18,750 feet, and its lava streams flowing to an extent of thirty miles from the crater. Kilauea, only 3,870 feet high, shows a molten bubbling lava sea 14,000 feet long by 5,000 feet in breadth. Were the Pacific Ocean dried up the aspect would be that of a gigantic lunar crater, occupying three-quarters of the whole surface of the globe, its generally level bed broken here and there by isolated central volcanic peaks, like those of Owhyhee and Otaheite, rising abruptly to a height of 30,000 feet above the crater floor, and girt on all sides by a margin of lofty unbroken conical precipices, nowhere less than 12,000 feet, and on the eastern rim exceeding 20,000 feet, in height. What, compared with this, is the widest crater of the moon, Mare Crisium, less than 300 miles in diameter, with but six central volcanic cones of no great comparative height?

We are surprised to find our author discern in facts and observations such as these a refutation of the uniformity in nature upheld by Lyell and his followers. That nature has been uniform at all times, past, present, and to come, is, he declares, a shallow creed refuted by many known facts in astronomy and geology; and "if there be one science which teaches its falsehood more clearly than another, it is the science of geology, from which we learn that the present is unlike the past, and will probably be still more unlike the future." That the aspect of our globe, as also that of the sun, moon, and stars, has been at successive periods of time wondrously diverse, not even the most rigid uniformitarian would deny. But that these changes, stupendous as they have been, have been brought about by the uniform operations of the same laws we now see acting in nature, we should have thought our author the last man to call in question. Different as are at present the physical conditions of the earth and moon, what he describes as their life-history has been by his own showing continuous, the self-same laws operating through all; though, for reasons strictly referable to the same code of physical causes, the course of one body has run towards its end more rapidly than that of the other. To what but the uniform persistence of the same course of nature does he owe the confidence with which he lays down the like doom of extinction for our globe, with its manifold living forms? The main causes of terrestrial change have been, as he distinctly lays down, heat and moisture; and vast as have been, and still must be, the results of secular cooling, and of the partial absorption of the earth's watery envelope, these operations have obeyed, and must ever obey, the uniform laws of heat and fluid motion. How and when are we to conceive a new code breaking in upon the uniformity of nature? The doctrine of catastrophes and intrusive creations had, we thought, long ago given place to the reign of unbroken law and continuous evolution. Our author, in all but this singular passage, testifies to faith in the harmony of nature; as when, by reference to the known law of cooling, he proceeds to calculate the proportional length of the periods into which geological time divides itself, even without our knowing the coefficient that should by right fix the rate of cooling for the sun-heated earth suspended in cold space. To Azioic time, during which the earth's temperature sank from 212° (the boiling point of water) to 122° (the point of coagulation of albumen and formation of living tissues), he assigns 33 per cent. of the whole term. Palæozoic time, down to 68°, the age of the simpler forms of plant life and lower vertebrates, occupies 41 per cent. Neozoic time, from 68° to the existing mean of 48°, includes the development of living forms from the Triassic age to the present day, or 26 per cent. A very close approach to the same figures results from a tabular survey of the thicknesses of the stratified rocks, in preparing which our author has been assisted by Professor Edward Hull. Of course the climates through this stupendous roll of ages, in the sense of local or periodical averages of temperature, have been anything but uniform. This, however, is a simple matter of degree in point of sun heat and moisture, the wide differences that we see being due to the same causes uniform in action through prolonged ranges of time.

The problem of atmospheric and ocean circulation, as main elements in the determination of climate, is treated with a mastery of its fundamental conditions which we cannot remember to have seen in any English treatise on the subject. Within the scope of this short lecture we get in a highly compressed form the essence of the scientific matter which fills a large space in works like that of Elisée Reclus. Starting from the primary cause of all atmospheric motion in solar heat, and consequent watery evaporation, he shows how the key to the general problem of meteorology is to be sought in the study of barometrical pressures all over the globe, combined with the measures of rainfall. Circulation, both in air and water, begins with the partial vacuum caused by solar heat round the equator, to fill up which cold and heavy currents of air and water are stirred from either pole. In illustrating the movement of a mass of either fluid from pole to equator, our author has not escaped the common fallacy of employing the figure of a cannon ball fired in this direction, and, owing to the rotation of the mark, falling behind the point aimed at. The actual force exerted in nature is not one of propulsion, but, on the contrary, is a drawing force. A particle or mass of air thus set in motion, instead of being deflected to the rear or west of a meridian line

drawn from the starting point (the pole) to an imaginary point on the equator, will be swept by the whirling motion of the earth towards the opposite or eastern side of such a hypothetical meridian; the resultant of the two motions being seen in the gyration law of storms, as well as in that generally preponderant set from west to east which observation has widely established. Over Europe at least, where the amplest means of registration are enjoyed, it seems made out that, for not much less than 200 days out of the 365, the wind sets more or less from west to east. The primary currents thus set in motion are affected by the unequal distribution of land and water, a wide difference being manifest in the two hemispheres: the result being, on the whole, the five great systems of winds indicated by our author's scheme—the north-east trades, 6° N. to 35° N.; the south-east trades, 6° N. to 28° S.; the south-west anti-trades, 35° N. to 65° N.; the north-west anti-trades, 28° S. to 70° S.; and the north-east Arctic winds, 65° N. to 80° N. We do not find that he notices a further cause of difference between the northern and southern hemispheres, due to the ellipticity of the earth's orbit: the northern half of the globe, under the present position of the equinoxes, having its winter in perihelion, neither winter nor summer being in consequence liable to the same extremes as those of the Southern Hemisphere. The charts and tables of local temperatures, rainfall, ocean currents, and similar details of meteorology show immense care in their compilation, and their value is much enhanced for the more advanced class of readers by mathematical notes, such as that upon the total amount of solar heat at any spot upon the earth, and its loss by radiation into space. We regret having no space for detailed notice of the lectures upon the lake and river systems of the Old and New Worlds, or that upon the geographical distribution of animals and plants—all full of valuable information, treated in the true spirit of science, and embodied in language of unvarying clearness and force.

BURIED ALIVE.*

IN the year 1849 a young Russian literary man was condemned to be hanged. His crime consisted in his having taken part in what was styled "The Petrashevsky affair"—that is to say, he had been a member of one of the secret societies to which the Government so strongly objected. His sentence was commuted, but he was sent to Siberia, condemned to a long period of hard labour in a prison, to be followed by service in the ranks of the army. On foot and in chains he made the dreary journey to his far-off prison-house, and therein endured the miseries of penal servitude during four years. This same man has recently been carried to his grave in the Alexander Nevsky cemetery at St. Petersburg, escorted by deputations from the Universities and other learned institutions, and followed by crowds of mourners who represented all that is most cultured in Russia. And the Emperor who now rules that land has conferred a pension of 2,000 roubles on the widow and children of the man whom his predecessor kept during four years in chains in Siberia.

When Fedor Dostoevsky, the convict in question, was allowed to return home in 1860, he renewed his long interrupted literary pursuits. He had always warmly sympathized with all who were needy and oppressed, and his years of prison life had only strengthened the influences which drew him towards them. As a successful novelist, he attained a position which enabled him to plead with effect the cause of the "Poor People" and the "Humiliated and Outraged," after whom he named two of his works, and to give expression to the generous indignation which stirs the hearts of each youthful generation in Russia, and which has of late years developed into so dangerous a fire of revolutionary wrath. Having been forced to associate for years with criminals, he studied with special interest the paths along which men advance towards crime, the motives which urge them to become law-breakers, the reasonings by which those among them who are given to speculation still the voice of conscience. The most remarkable passages in the best of his novels, *Crime and Punishment*, are those in which he traces the first manifestations of the moral obliquity of vision which induces a Russian specimen of the Eugene Aram family to regard as a quite excusable, if not praiseworthy, action, the murder of a disreputable old woman. But by ordinary readers that elaborate psychological romance will be found less interesting than the simpler sketches of prison life, founded upon his own experiences, which he published a few years after his return from Siberia, under the title of *Notes from the Dead-House*, and of which an English translation is now before us. They naturally created a great sensation in Russia at the time when they first appeared, and they are still highly esteemed there as faithful records of what convict life used to be before the reforms were introduced which have considerably modified its conditions; for, although it is impossible to say how much of the work is fact and how much fiction, still the general idea which it conveys is likely to be tolerably correct.

No one who visits a Russian prison can fail to be struck by the docility of the prisoners, their readiness to yield to what appears to be a very insufficient amount of force. A traveller who recently visited Siberia has put upon record his not unnatural surprise at finding that twenty soldiers sufficed to control a body of eight

hundred prisoners, of whom nearly a third, he was told, were probably murderers. To this docility on the part of the convicts, as well as to a considerable amount of negligence on the part of their warders, the pages of *Buried Alive* bear frequent testimony. One so-called mutiny, indeed, is described, but it is represented as little more than a remonstrance against bad food. Now and then an officer of a brutal nature figures on the scene and behaves cruelly. But the greater part of the guardians are credited with a good-natured carelessness which enabled their charges, or at least those among them who had money, to obtain many more enjoyments than are usually to be obtained in a gaol. Tea and tobacco were easily to be purchased in the prison described in *Buried Alive*, and brandy, although a forbidden luxury, was introduced in considerable quantities. Sometimes a feast went on for days within the walls, including "much eating, drinking, and music." We are even told that "some of the revellers who are rich will occasionally elude the vigilance of the officers, and bribe their escort to accompany them to some haunt of vice in the suburbs of the town instead of going to work. Here a feast is prepared, ladies are invited, and the convict eats, drinks, and flirts to his heart's content." After a winter's day spent in doing little or nothing, the prisoners would pass several hours of the night either in working on their own account or in gambling. No sooner had the guardians left the dormitory than it was suddenly lighted up, each of its thirty inmates producing his own candle. Some of them earned considerable sums of money by their nightly handiwork, but it was difficult for them to retain their earnings, which were generally exchanged for strong liquors or lost at cards. For gambling, though strictly prohibited, was an ordinary occurrence, and sometimes "card parties would last all night, and only come to an end when the doors were unlocked in the early morning." At Christmas-time no small amount of license was accorded by the authorities. The most characteristic scenes in the book are those in which the author brings before the eyes of his readers the stage fitted up within the prison walls, and the dramatic performances in which criminals acted with skill and zest, and were rapturously applauded by a criminal audience.

Various types of convict life are represented by the prisoners whom the author describes at length. One is the innocent-looking young soldier who had never misbehaved himself except upon an occasion when, out of sheer wretchedness, he drove his bayonet into his commanding officer. Another is a young Circassian "with a wonderfully attractive, clever face, which was the image of his beautiful soul," and whose sole offence was that he had obeyed his brothers when they ordered him to go forth on an expedition which ended in the murder of an Armenian merchant. A third, the most interesting of the group, is an old Raskolnik, or Dissenter, who is described as being the most "thoroughly benevolent" old man whom the author had ever met. He had assisted in the burning of an orthodox church in his native village; but this was his solitary crime, and in Siberia he lived a faultless life, and was much respected by the other convicts, who made him their banker. He was "as pleasant, cheerful, and open-hearted a man as ever lived on the face of this earth." But he had his own secret sorrows. One night his fellow-prisoner woke up and heard a sound of subdued weeping. "The old Dissenter was sitting on the stove reading his prayers out of a manuscript book and weeping bitterly"; and between his sobs could be distinguished words of bitter sorrow, such as "Lord, do not forsake me! Lord, give me more strength! Oh, my darling children, my dearest children, shall I ever see you again?" These three criminals all belong to the class of convicts on whom may be conferred without impropriety the title which the Russian peasants apply indiscriminately to all persons in the grip of the law, that of "The Unfortunate." On the tragic lives of such men, whom a hasty impulse or a mistaken view of duty has hurried into crime, the author of *Buried Alive* always loved to dwell. Sorrow was ever sacred to him, but never so much as when it was intensified by a fault, or at least a folly. Of more vulgar criminals a few portraits are given; such as the robber Orloff, "who had murdered old men and young children from no other motive than that of satisfying his own thirst for blood," and who "scorned pain and suffering, and respected the authority of no human being." But they are not so interesting, though their stories are illustrated by detailed descriptions of the effect of the lash.

Of more legitimate interest are the descriptions of a captive's feelings during his imprisonment, which the Russian novelist attributes to the imaginary author of the book, but which are probably faithful records of his own sensations. As mere results of imagination they would have no special value. But, if they may be regarded as conscientiously chronicled reminiscences, they are well worthy of being studied. It is not often that we have an opportunity of knowing what are the thoughts which pass through the mind of a man of culture who is obliged to herd for years with the outcasts of humanity. The aristocratic wife-murderer, who is credited in the introduction with the authorship of the book, is represented as finding his new life "after all not so very different" from that which he had hitherto led. Existence as a convict seemed to him less hard, after he had entered the prison, than it had appeared to him on the journey. His work was not heavy, his food was not bad, his companions were not unendurable. What might be called the professional criminals were at first reserved with him, despising him as an amateur, and imagining that he would stand upon his dignity. But after a

* *Buried Alive*; or, *Ten Years of Penal Servitude in Siberia*. By Fedor Dostoyevsky. Translated from the Russian by Marie von Thilo. London: Longmans & Co. 1881.

time they became more affable, having discovered that he was what they called a "good" man. At first he used to wander about the prison absorbed in grief, and unable to think of anything except his misery. But gradually this acute pain wore off. Only the impossibility of being alone even for one moment remained an evil to which he could not become accustomed. Feeling that the depression which constantly weighed upon him, and the jarring to which his nerves were incessantly exposed, would be certain to ruin his health unless he made a vigorous struggle against their influence, he resolved to take as much physical exercise as possible, and therefore always worked as hard as he could, whether he was employed on pounding calcined alabaster, or turning a flywheel, or shovelling away snow. By this means he preserved his equanimity, though at times his misery is represented as seeming greater than he could bear. On a bright winter's day, for instance, when the sun shone on the white snow, he would feel an almost irrepressible longing to flee away into the boundless steppe which stretched away southwards from the bank of the river by the side of which he worked. And the same impulse would make itself felt again when the winter was past and the spring came back, the time "when not only in Siberia, but all over Russia also, those who are known as God's people escape from their gloomy dungeons and hide themselves in the woods and forests." At length the happy moment came when his chains were struck off and he was allowed to go forth "into the wide, free world." As a matter of fact, the real author of the book did not become utterly free when he emerged from his prison, for he was obliged to serve in the ranks of the army as a private soldier from 1853 till 1856. Then he was promoted to be an officer, and eventually he was amnestied. His health, it is said, suffered greatly during his confinement, and he never completely recovered from the effects of the hardships he endured. Since the time of his imprisonment great changes have taken place in the Russian convict establishments. Readers who wish to form a correct idea of what penal servitude in Siberia now is cannot do better than refer to the letters on the subject which Mr. Lansdell contributed to the *Times* in the spring of last year, and the paper which he read at the Swansea meeting of the British Association, and which was afterwards published in the October number of the *Contemporary Review*.

GAELIC PROVERBS.*

THE collection of Gaelic Proverbs on which the present one is based, the editor tells us, was first published at Edinburgh in 1785. It was a small book and in several respects faulty, but it was then and for some time afterwards the only collection of Celtic proverbs gathered into a book and translated for the benefit of the world. It appears to have had the still greater merit of being a genuine product of the past, the editor's share in the compilation of which consisted in simply giving as correctly as he could the words of sayings familiar to all among whom he lived, in rendering them into English, and in occasionally illustrating them by an explanation or an anecdote. Macintosh intended to publish a new edition, but his death, which took place in 1808, intervened. A second edition, however, did appear in the year 1819, in which additions, probably found in his papers, were incorporated. The editor this time was Alexander Campbell, better known as the editor of a collection of Scottish songs and music called *Albyn's Anthology*; he prefaced the proverbs with an account of the original compiler, which has been termed a biographical curiosity. But worse was to come; for he had announced in the title-page that he would "English" the proverbs "anew," a threat which he appears to have carried to effect in a novel fashion. For not only did he lack the requisite knowledge of Gaelic to deal satisfactorily with his subject, but he undertook to improve Macintosh's simpler and more correct language into turgid commonplace. For instance, where Macintosh had been content to translate "Smiles are not companions of pain," Campbell got it into his head that the elegant thing to say was "The laugh is not excited by the sharp lancing pain of a stitch." The first edition contained only 1,305 proverbs and familiar phrases, the second 1,538, while Mr. Nicolson has brought the number up to 3,900, many of which, he tells us, came in at the last moment. Besides thus doubling the number of recorded proverbs, which implies work extending over many years, he has appended some useful notes to the collection, and a short biography of the original compiler. On the whole, the work has been most conscientiously done; nor have we found many occasions of charging him with inexact translations, as when "An ni a chum an eidheann o na gobhair" is rendered "What kept the goats from the ivy," instead of "What kept the ivy from the goats." Of course the question as to what sayings wanted to be explained and as to the kind of explanation required would always be one on which readers would differ, so we cannot regard it as a serious fault that we meet with explanations now and then, which we could have spared, and that at other times we miss the editor's assistance. Some of the notes contain anecdotes in illustration of certain sayings which have become common in the Highlands, and they are frequently both amusing and instructive, but never in bad taste. We shall now

select a few instances, beginning with the following, which illustrates an important event in Scotch history:—

Bò a' bhuabhall-thulchainn (the cow of the end-stall).—The buabhall-thulchainn, or end-stall, was the innermost in the row, and was used for the accommodation of a cow that had lost her calf, in place of which a stuffed imitation calf was brought in whenever she was to be milked. Hence came the application of the word *tulchainn* to the imaginary calf, and of the term *tulchan-bishop* to persons appointed to that office in Scotland after the Reformation, simply as receivers-general of the temporalities for the benefit of the baron or his creatures. "The Bishop had the title, but my Lord got the milk or commoditie."

The volume contains many allusions to the turbulent life formerly led by the Highland Gaels, such as the one relating to a disastrous cheese, referring to which we have the following note:—

Three parties of the Macdonalds of Glencoe went in different directions on a Faigh-Nollaigh, or "gentle begging" expedition, for the Christmas of 1543. They met by appointment at the Black Mount, and proceeded to divide the proceeds, when it was found, after everything else had been divided, that the remnant of a cheese was still to be disposed of. From words on the subject the claimants came to blows—not with fists, alas! but with dirks; and, if the story be true, only one man out of eighteen was left to tell the tale! A small loch at the spot where this happened is still known as *Lochan-na-fala*, the bloody tarn.

One of the sayings recorded refers to a time when there were wolves in Scotland, the story being "that two men went to a wolf's den, when wolves still flourished in Scotland, for the purpose of carrying off the whelps. The den was in a cairn with a narrow entrance, through which one of the men crept in while the other stood on guard outside. Presently the yelping of the young ones called their mother to the rescue, and she bolted past the man outside, who was dexterous enough, however, to seize her by the tail while she was disappearing. So they stood, the she-wolf blocking the entrance and darkening the den, while the man outside held on like grim death. The man within finding the light suddenly obscured, called out to his companion, 'What is that darkening the hole?' The reply was, 'If the tail breaks, your head will know who darkened the hole,' which has since become a familiar saying.

We are not in a mood to write on proverbs and familiar phrases generally, or to institute minute comparisons between those of the Scotch Gaels and those of other nations; and, if we had been inclined to venture on the latter course, the editor has given us no assistance in the shape of a good and useful index. This is the only serious charge we have to make against him. He has, however, brought together some groups, in English, in his Introduction, under such headings as those of Religion, Morals, Self-respect, Truth, Courage, Temperance, Industry, Courtesy, Benevolence, Caution, Fools, Boors, Women, Children, and others. But we shall only mention in particular those referring to women, which may be characterized as conceived in much the same spirit as those of other European nations; but, on the whole, they are much less unfavourable to them than those of the peoples of Southern Europe. The following have been brought together by the editor:—

Meal is finer than grain, women are finer than men. There was never good or ill but women had to do with it. Modesty is the beauty of women. I like not pullets becoming cocks. Take no woman for a wife in whom you cannot find a flaw. Choose your wife as you wish your children to be. Take a bird from a clean nest. Choose the good mother's daughter, were the Devil her father. If you take a wife from Hell, she'll bring you home there. When you see a well-bred woman, catch her, catch her; if you don't do it, another will match her. Their own will to all men, all their will to women. What a woman knows not she'll conceal. Harsh is the praise that cannot be listened to; dark are the dames that cannot be dallied with. Where a cow is, a woman will be; where a woman is, temptation will be (attributed to St. Columba). A man's wife is his blessing or bane. If you wish to be praised, die; if you wish to be derided, marry. You are too merry, you ought to marry. Who speaks ill of his wife dishonours himself. True or false, it will injure a woman. Warm is the mother's breath.

But this by no means exhausts the references in the volume to women, some of the most amusing ones being omitted in it, such as that about "MacCormack's wives, very strong in the neck," or the one worded "Pity him who would burn his harp for you," in allusion to a Hebridean harper, who, having nothing else to make a fire with to warm his wife, broke his harp in pieces and burned it. The story, which forms, as it appears, the subject of one of Hector McNeill's poems, goes on to say that he failed to warm her heart, as she proved by running away with another man before the morning.

Some of the most interesting things in the book are for several reasons the allusions to Cuchullin, as in the saying "As strong as Cuchullin," *à propos* of which we learn that Cuchullin's name is still associated in the island of Skye with the old vitrified fort of Dùn Sgathaich at Ord, where his son Connlaach was supposed to have been born and brought up by his mother, whom Cuchullin is made to describe in *Fingal* as

The sunbeam of Dunseach of waves,
White-bosomed fair of gentle eye,
Whom I left in the Isle of hosts.

Mr. Nicolson very properly raises his voice, however, against the habit of guide-book writers, who would improve the Coolin Hills in the same island into Cuchullin's Hills, to which they have no local or historical claim, as the name is pronounced by the natives *Coolyun*, which they could never confound with that of Cuchullin. It is curious also to notice that the sweet-scented herb called *Queen of the Meadow* is in Gaelic called Cuchullin's Belt, as in

* A Collection of Gaelic Proverbs and Familiar Phrases, based on Macintosh's Collection. Edited by Alexander Nicolson, M.A., LL.D., Advocate. Edinburgh: MacLachlan & Stewart. 1881.

Alexander Macdonald's "Song of Summer"; the passage has been rendered:—

Sweet is the scent of thy neck,
Thou belt of Cuchullin of cairns.

We should like to do justice to the allusions to the Fenian legends in the Gaelic sayings of the Highlands, but, as we have not had time to make an index, we can only mention the following which we happen to have stumbled across, worded "Conan's life among the demons: If bad for me, for them no better." Conan was one of the principal characters in the legends about Finn, or, as the Highlanders love to call him, Fingal. He was, the editor tells us, the only disagreeable one of the Fenians; in fact, he is described as rash, quarrelsome, and meddlesome. Among other things he did, he is said to have visited Hell in search of some of his departed friends, and to have there given as good as he got to the fiends. Sir Walter Scott picked up the story, and made use of it, as the editor remarks, in *Waverley*, where Mrs. Flockhart asks:—"And will ye face thae tearing chields, the dragons, Ensign Maccumbich?" "Claw for claw," quoth he, "as Conan said to Satan, Mrs. Flockhart, and the Deevil tak' the shortest nails."

The allusions to witches and ghosts are numerous in the book, but we will only mention the one rendered "The way of the ghost, going round the bridge," to which is appended the following note:—

The superstition here referred to is illustrated in *Tam o' Shanter*, where the infernal pursuers have no power to go beyond the keystone of the bridge. Another saying is, "I came round about, the ghost's trick," in reference to which the following story is told. A certain man was haunted by a ghost, which met him wherever he went, so that he became known in the country-side as Big Donald of the Ghost. Weary of his life, he went away to America, hoping there to be rid of his tormentor—but in vain. The very night of his arrival, the first person he met in the streets was his old friend. He cried out in amazement—"How did you come here?" "I came round about," said the imperturbable ghost. Donald in disgust returned home.

We can thoroughly recommend the book as full of amusement and instruction. But when it reaches another edition, let us hope that the editor will not be so cruel to his readers as not to provide them with the assistance of a good index.

PASTORAL DAYS.*

THIS pleasant American book has brought to our remembrance, though without any sense of imitation, two old-fashioned favourites. In the first place, its descriptions of rural humanity, its rustic sweetness and humour, have a certain analogy with the delicately pencilled studies of life in Miss Mitford's *Our Village*; but the relation it bears to the second book is much closer. It is more than forty years since Mr. P. H. Gosse published the first of those delightful sketches of animal life at home which have led so many of us with a wholesome purpose into the woods and lanes. It was in the *Canadian Naturalist* that he broke this new ground, and though we do not think this has ever been one of his best known books, we cannot but believe that there are still many readers who will be reminded of it as they glance down Mr. Gibson's pages. The fauna and flora of both books are the same, or nearly the same; the patient, cheerful attitude in the presence of nature is the same; and in his specially entomological fervour the younger distinctly recalls to us the elder naturalist. The indignation of the villagers at the man who can spend his time in paying attention to insect-life is told in a story that directly reminds one of Mr. P. H. Gosse's anecdotes. In Canada, as in New England, there seems a wider and more generous landscape than we can boast. A recent American writer, otherwise highly complimentary to our institutions, complains of the poverty and confined range of our scenery. Only once, for a moment, among the billowy woods of Sussex, did he contrive to lose the sense of restriction and constraint that our landscapes gave him, and he found himself always sighing for the boundless forest and vast rivers of the States. Even in the naturalist's account of the civilized parts of New England, where all is pastoral and comparatively old, we have the same impression of vastness. The powers of nature are unexhausted, the ground itself retains its primeval richness, and the explorer who dives into a solitude is not always, as in England, coming out upon the seamy side of nothing. To those who are haunted by the narrowness of the old world and the swarming civilization of its crowded acres, there is something very soothing and almost moving in the record of a life spent in the beautiful woodlands of America. Mr. Howells has prophesied that a time will come when the gadding temper of the Yankee will turn backwards and form a wave of passionate nostalgia for American solitude. We fancy that the whole world will some day look to the back counties of the States as the only place where a man may be quiet and possess his soul.

People must be strangely constituted who do not enjoy such pages as Mr. Gibson has presented to us here. It is not merely that he writes well, though he possesses a style that is full of felicities, but the subject itself is irresistibly fascinating. We plunge with him into the silence of a New England village in a clearing of the woods. The spring is awakening in a flush of tender green, in a fever of warm days and shivering nights, and we hasten with our companion through all the bustle and stir of the few busy hours of light so swiftly that the darkness is on us before we are

aware. Then falls on the ear a pathetic, an intolerable silence; a deep mist covers the ground, a few lights twinkle in scattered farms and cottages, and all seems brooding, melting, in the deep and throbbing hush of the darkness. At last a little plaintive piping trill breaks the stillness:—

Again and again I hear the little lonely voice vibrating through the low-lying mist. It is only a little frog in some far-off marsh; but what a sweet sense of sadness is awakened by that lonely melody! How its weird minor key, with its magic touch, unlocks the treasures of the heart. Only the peeping of a frog; but where, in all the varied voices of the night, where even among the great chorus of nature's sweetest music, is there another song so lulling in its dreamy melody, so full of that emotive charm which quickens the human heart? How often in the vague spring twilight have I yielded to the strange, fascinating melancholy, awakened by the frog's low murmur at the water's edge! How many times have I lingered near some swampy roadside bog, and let these little wizards weave their mystic spell about my willing senses, while the very air seemed to quiver in the fulness of their song. I remember the tangle of tall and withered rushes, through whose mysterious depths the eye in vain would strive to penetrate at the sound of some faint splash or ripple, or perhaps at the quaint, high-keyed note of some little isolated hermit, piping in his sombre solitude. I recall the first glimpse of the rising moon, as its great golden face peered out at me from over the distant hill, enclosing half the summit against its broad and luminous surface. Slowly and steadily it seemed to steal into view, until, risen in all its fulness, I caught its image in the trembling ripples at the edge of the soggy pool, where the palpitating water responded to the frog's low, tremulous monotone. Higher and higher it sails across the inky sky, its glow now changed to a silvery pallor, across whose white halo, in a floating film, the ghostly clouds glide in their silent flight.

The wailing of the great owl upon the maple-tree breaks through this mood of reverie, and takes our author back in memory to the scenes of his youth, where the owl was looked upon as a creature of most sinister omen, and his own partiality to it, as a proof that there was something uncanny or even "fey" about him. All this is described with great sympathy and delicacy; but perhaps Mr. Gibson is most felicitous in his little touches of floral painting. He has a few words about the earthy, spicy fragrance of the arbutus that might have been said in verse by the late Mr. Bryant; his description of the effect of biting the bulbs of the Indian turnip, or "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," is inimitable in its quiet way; while the phrase about the fading dandelions—"the golden stars upon the lawn are nearly all burnt out; we see their downy ashes in the grass"—is perhaps the best thing ever said about a humble flower, whose vulgarity, in the literal sense, blinds us to the beauty of its evolution and decay.

In his studies of life and country manners Mr. Gibson is a very agreeable and amusing, if not quite so novel, a companion. Not seldom he reminds us, not merely of Miss Mitford, but sometimes of Thoreau and of Hawthorne. The story of Aunt Huldy, the village crone who sustained herself upon simples to the age of a hundred and three, is one of those little vignettes, half-humorous, half-pathetic, and altogether picturesque, in which the Americans excel. Aunt Huldy was an old witch in a scarlet hood, whose long white hair, flowing behind her, was wont to frighten the village children who came upon her in the woods; but she was absolutely harmless, a crazy old valetudinarian, who was always searching for the elixir of life in strange herbs and decoctions. At last she thought she had found it in sweet-fern, and she spent her last years in grubbing up every specimen she could find, smoking it, chewing it, drinking it, and sleeping with a little bag of it tied round her neck.

But, although Mr. Gibson writes so well, he modestly disclaims all pretension as a writer, and lets us know that he is an artist by profession. His book is illustrated by more than seventy designs from his pencil, engraved in that beautiful American manner to which we have so often called attention that we need not particularly dwell upon it here. The scenes designed are closely analogous to those described in the text. We have an apple-orchard in full blossom, with a group of idlers lounging underneath the boughs; scenes in the fields so full of mystery and stillness that we are reminded of Millet, or of our own Mason; clusters of flowers drawn with all the knowledge of a botanist and the sympathy of a poet. It is hard to define the peculiar pleasure that such illustrations give to the eye. It is something that includes and yet transcends the mere enjoyment of whatever artistic excellence the designs may possess. We are directly reminded by them of such similar scenes as have been either the rule or the still more fascinating exception of every childish life, and at their suggestion the past comes back; in the familiar Wordsworthian phrase, "A river flows on through the vale of Cheapside." It is a curious matter of speculation how far this sentiment of homely nature is or is not a growth of nineteenth-century civilization. A certain sentiment of the grandiose forms of scenery was undoubtedly introduced into life at the close of last century, and scarcely existed before even in trained poetic minds. But the homelier beauty, the picturesqueness of the minute objects that surround our feet, this seems to have been more or less an element of human feeling from the first, and as vivid in Theocritus or Virgil or Herrick as in any nature-loving bard who has flourished since the French Revolution.

We know so little over here of the best American art that it may chance that Mr. Gibson is very well known in New York. We confess, however, that we never heard of him before; but his drawings are so full of delicate fancy and feeling, and his writing so skilful and graceful, that, in calling attention to his book as one of the prettiest that the present winter season has brought forth, we cannot but express the hope that we soon may hear of him again, in either function, or in both.

* *Pastoral Days; or, Memories of a New England Year.* By W. Hamilton Gibson. Illustrated. London: Chatto & Windus.

ACOSTA'S HISTORY OF THE INDIES.*

IN the whole series of volumes put forth by the Hakluyt Society few probably deserve to be read with greater attention or will better repay the reader than Acosta's book on what he calls the natural and moral history of the Indies. It has its special scientific value in the fact that it laid the foundations of physical geography, while the portion which is devoted to a narrative of events may almost be regarded as a contemporary history. His trustworthiness has been admitted by more recent writers; and, if we adopt Mr. Markham's somewhat curious numerical test, he takes the fourth place among the original authorities on Mexican and Peruvian affairs during the century of the conquest. It seems that in Mr. Prescott's *Conquest of Peru* "Garcilasso de la Vega is quoted eighty-nine, Cieza de Leon forty-five, Polo de Ondegardo forty-one, and Acosta nineteen times." The scrutiny of some other books might furnish a different result; but if Acosta seems, with Prescott, to have a subordinate place, this is perhaps only because Prescott's plan did not throw him back on the most valuable portion of Acosta's work. Acosta shows undoubtedly no small historical powers; but his heart was clearly given to the most careful study of the formation, the products, the people, of a country in regard to everything which tends to make them what they are; and, so long as he is engaged on these subjects, his writing has a peculiar charm.

Whether that charm would have been enhanced by a new translation instead of republishing one now nearly two hundred and eighty years old, we can scarcely venture to say. The fastidious eyes of more modern readers are apt to quarrel with the spelling of the Elizabethan age, and a more solid objection may be urged against the lumbering style of some of the Elizabethan writers. But this charge cannot fairly be brought against the translator who attached simply the initials E. G. to his rendering of Acosta's work in an English dress. It has been ascertained, Mr. Markham tells us, that this was Edward Grimston, who wrote a history of France, and translated or compiled a general history of the Netherlands from that of Jean François le Petit and the manuscripts of Sir Roger Williams. He was the grandfather of Sir Harbottle Grimston, whose name became known in the civil wars, and he is said to have reached the mature age of ninety-eight. It is more to the purpose that he could write English, and good English too, with not too much of Latin in it. Of his translation of Acosta Mr. Markham speaks as creditable and trustworthy, although it makes some omissions and has some blunders, especially in proper names and native words, which have been corrected in the present edition.

It would not be easy to express in a single phrase the qualities which impart to Acosta's volumes their power of attracting and keeping the attention of the reader. They are rich in information of all kinds, and whatever be the subject with which he is dealing, we see that the author was a man not only of wide but of deep learning, which he has thoroughly at his command; but it is not this alone which challenges our respect, for on many matters of which he treats much is known now which was utterly unknown in his day. Nor are his pages startling from any expressions of a destructive or negative philosophy. Acosta was a member of the Society of Jesus, and no imputation has been thrown on his orthodoxy; and although his utterances here and there are fully beyond some which have brought others into trouble, he was altogether unconscious of any inconsistency between his theological or religious and his scientific convictions. Nor can it be said that in the field of physical science he was to any wonderful extent beyond his age. His birth synchronises with the death of Copernicus; but he makes no reference to that astronomer, nor is there any reason for thinking that he was alive to the fundamental principles of his system. Experience had convinced him that the earth was a globe; and he had learnt that the whole heavens around it were in motion, but it is very doubtful whether he had any idea of the relations of the sun with his planets to other bodies in the universe. But a man's worth is to be measured not so much by his actual knowledge as by his method of dealing with matters which are only partially known or are wholly new to him, or, in other words, by the means which he uses for the discovery of the truth of facts. It is here that Acosta shows the true scientific temper; and it is this which must win for him the respect and sympathy of readers who yet may think that, although he used his opportunities to good purpose, he might have used them for better.

Such a censure would probably be undeserved, for we have to remember the vast range of facts and the multiplicity of the questions with which he had to deal; and, if under such conditions he could judge calmly and dispassionately, he was doing perhaps a harder work than that which fell to the lot of Copernicus or Galileo. We may find the evidence of this in almost every page of the book. His explanation of the darkness of portions of the nightly heavens may or may not be adequate; but he seized at once the real point when he asserted "that according to the figure which these spots have in heaven, they move with the same proportion with their stars without any separation. . . . It followeth then by all that we have said, that the heaven containeth in it all the parts of the earth, circling continually about it, without any more doubt." The soundness of his judgment is

specially tested when he has to encounter theories which seem to have sprung up almost with the discovery of the new world. No sooner had Spanish enterprise forced itself unto Mexico and Peru than the wise or the devout were ready with their reasons for saying that Peru was the Ophir of the historical books of the Old Testament, and that the nations found in America were the descendants of the lost tribes of Israel. The folly of these notions is shown in each case by a simple reference to facts. Peru yields gold, but it does not yield it in the quantities ascribed to the Biblical Ophir, nor has it the precious stones and the exquisite woods of the latter. As to the resemblance in sound between the names Ophir and Peru, that seems to him "of small consideration." If that argument "were of force, we might as well say that Yecatan is Jectan mentioned in the holy scripture." Of the other problem which is concerned with the peopling of America he confesses candidly that he can give no satisfactory solution; but he is sure that they must have come either by sea or by land; and the enormous difficulties involved in the idea of their having crossed the vast Atlantic or Pacific Oceans incline him to the conclusion that they must have come by land. But, as he is careful to record his conviction that there yet remains much land to be discovered in these oceans, so he urges that there is no reason or experience contradicting his "conceit or opinion that the whole earth is united or joined in some part, or at least the one approacheth neere unto the other." This is a remarkable anticipation of the more recent knowledge gained of the conformation of Northern Asia and America. But, however the so-called Indians of America may have found their way thither, they are clearly not Jews, in spite of any points of seeming likeness on which stress may be laid; for, on the other side, he says:—

Wee know well that the Hebrewes used letters, whereof there is no shew among the Indians; they were great lovers of silver, these make no care of it; the Jewes, if they were not circumcised, held not themselves for Jewes, and contrariwise the Indians are not at all, neither did they ever use any ceremonie neere it as many in the East have done. But what reason of conjecture is there in this, seeing the Jewes are so careful to preserve their language and antiquities, so as in all parts of the world they differ and are known from others, and yet at the Indies alone they have forgotten their lineage, their law, their ceremonies, their Messias, and finally their whole Judaisme.

Such follies, however, are seldom killed; and dreamers, driven off from America, find the lost tribes in Afghans and in Englishmen. But with Acosta's fact is the great teacher. He approached the equator with the prepossessions of a man who has put faith in the theories of Aristotle and Virgil; but, on crossing it, the cold was such as to make him glad to get into the sunshine for warmth; and what else could he do then "but laugh at Aristotle's Meteors and his Philosophie?" He had his political as well as his theological prejudices; but he was quite ready to admit that the government of Spain was not perfect, and that there were good points in the government of Montezuma. "Every history well written is," he says, "profitable to the reader, for, as the wise man saith, 'That which hath bin, is; and that which shall be, is that which hath bene.' Humane things have much resemblance in themselves, and some growe wise by that which happeneth to others. There is no nation, how barbarous soever, that have not something in them good and worthy of commendation, nor commonweale so well ordered that hath not something blameworthy and to be controlled." He speaks with less certainty, as we might expect, when he has to deal with narratives of portents and prodigies, and with regard to these his sentences curiously balance or nullify each other. They are worthless and they are valuable; they are not to be trusted and they are to be treated as divinely sent warnings.

Although the holy Scripture forbids us to give credite to signes and vaine prognostications, and that S. Ierome doth admonish us not to feare tokens from heaven, as the Gentiles do, yet the same Scripture teacheth us that monstrous and prodigious signes are not altogether to bee contemned, and that often they are forerunners of some generall changes and chasticements which God will take, as Eusebius notes well of Casarea.

He is not less exercised about those passages in the Bible which describe the earth as flat. He refuses altogether to admit the authority of Chrysostom or any other Father when they deal with questions of astronomy; and he does not rate highly the wisdom of the former when "he doth laugh at those which hold the heavens to be round," although "it seemes the holy Scripture doth inferre as much, terming the Heavens a Tabernacle or Frame built by the hand of God." But his learning makes it easy for him to set one Father against another, and the opinion of Chrysostom is set aside by the dictum of Jerome, "that those which hold the heaven to be round are not repugnant to the holy Scripture, but conformable to the same." We shall, however, go wrong if we look on his conclusions as involving the theory of a heliocentric system. His words have their value chiefly as showing his position in reference to the ascertainment of fact and the interpretation of Scripture. The fact, if proved, is not to be denied, and it may sweep away a multitude of time-honoured ideas. The south wind is warm in our northern hemisphere; and, according to Aristotle, "we must confesse of necessity that the Southern wind is that which blowes and comes from the burning zone, the which being so neere the sunne wantes water and pastures." But Acosta had seen abundance of water and excellent pastures in this burning zone, and so he adds:—

This is Aristotle's opinion, and, in truth, man's conjecture can hardly passe any farther. So as I do often consider with a Christian contemplation how weak the philosophie of the wise of this world hath bene in the searche of divine things, seeing in humane things (wherein they seeme so well read) they often erre.

* *The Natural and Moral History of the Indies*. By Father Joseph de Acosta. Edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by Clements R. Markham, C.B., F.R.S. 2 vols. London: Printed for the Hakluyt Society. 1880.

He sees, in short, that the testimony of genuine experience must be paramount, and that it is absurd to take a metaphor, no matter where it may be found, as authoritatively settling any question. Otherwise the anthropomorphites may safely take their stand on the saying, "Heaven is my throne and earth is my footstool"; and thus he reaches the conclusion, "that in the holy Scriptures we ought not to follow the letter which kills but the spirit which quickeneth." Some of his own notions, as on the subject of earthquakes or sea-sickness, are perhaps worth no more than Aristotle's theories about the south wind; but they are the notions of a man who has his eyes open to note all that may be brought before him, and his sojourn of seventeen years in Central America has been made to yield a rich harvest. As a historian he is judicious; as a naturalist he is both accurate and unwearyed. Among the few products of the country which he has not noticed is the tree with which Mr. Markham's name will be closely associated in India; but of the general features of the country his descriptions are excellent. It is clear that the time which he spent in tropical America was one of no little enjoyment, and he almost waxes eloquent in speaking of the climate of Aristotle's fire-devastated zone:—

Considering with myself the pleasing temperature of many countries at the Indies, where they know not what winter is which by his cold doth freeze them, nor summer which doth trouble them with heat, but that with a mathe they preserve themselves from the injuries of all weather, and where they scarce have any need to change their garments throughout the year, I say that often considering of this, I find that if men at this day would vanquish their passions and free themselves from the snares of covetousness, leaving many fruitless and pernicious dissolves, without doubt they might live at the Indies very pleasant and happily.

As we may suppose, he esteems the climate more than the people; and his remarks on the religion especially of the Mexicans are thoroughly to the point. He sees that it rested wholly on the primitive idea of Chthonian gods, gods whose keenest appetites are those of hunger and thirst, and of whom nothing more terrible could be said to their worshippers than that they were dying for want of human flesh and human blood. One of the most vigorous supporters of this worship was the second Montezuma, whose character, as given by Acosta, is probably the more true as lacking the gloss thrown over it by the more glowing narrative of Prescott.

FARMING IN A SMALL WAY.*

WE have rarely opened a book more replete with valuable and practical information than this handy little volume of Mr. Long's. Indeed it must have needed no slight self-control to condense into such very moderate compass the results of so much study and experience. To say nothing of the chief topics of what may more strictly be called farming, such chapters as those on the dairy and poultry-yard, on gardening and bee-keeping, might easily have been expanded almost indefinitely. But Mr. Long, greatly to his credit, has steadfastly resisted all temptations of the kind; and we may well hope that he will reap a satisfactory harvest in the shape of popularity, if not of profits. He has written principally for the benefit of gentlemen farmers, who may have undertaken to cultivate thirty to forty acres, which is about the smallest extent of land they can hope to turn to the best account as an investment. Assuming that they are fairly intelligent, and that they are prepared to supplement the use of their capital by assiduous attention to a business that should be a pleasure, Mr. Long gives them every encouragement. Speaking with all deference to his superior knowledge, we should be inclined to think that the general contrasts he has drawn between the cost of living in town and in the country are decidedly coloured in rose so far as the latter is concerned. At the same time he rejects with searching common-sense criticism some of the extravagant estimates as to particular branches of profit, which theorists, on the strength of logic and figures, have worked out entirely to their own satisfaction. As for his own statements and suggestions, they are invariably those of a thoroughly well-informed expert; nor does he attempt to impose them on us by a mere *ipse dixit*. On the contrary, and specially when differing from the majority of recognized authorities, he always states his reasons succinctly; and when he deduces his arguments from close money calculations he shows that he has all the figures at his fingers' ends. We may add that, being himself a practical farmer, he must have tested most of the plans he recommends.

We have said that his general picture of what ought to be the position of the industrious gentleman farmer in a small way is somewhat rose-coloured. Thus, he asserts, what is doubtless very true, that "there is no end to the home production of food for home consumption"; but he goes on to add that, "excepting for clothing, grocery, coal, and minor matters, it should not be necessary to have a tradesman's bill at all"—a proposition that seems very much more problematical. He refers to an old work, written in the beginning of this century, with the object of showing that a gentleman in the country could live as well with economy and keep as good a position on 200*l.* a year as if he were settled in London on an income of 1,000*l.* We should have fancied at least that, with the increased cost of living, and the tremendous fall in the prices of agricultural produce from what they stood at

through the long wars with Napoleon, the estimate would have been valueless for present purposes. But that is not the opinion of Mr. Long. He believes not only that the author was in the right when he wrote, but that the thing is perfectly feasible still. In a chapter entitled "The Household" he goes carefully into details. He assumes, of course, that his country gentleman has a few hundred pounds of capital to start with, and that he has laid them out to the best advantage under competent advice. His actual cash incomings from sales will form but a small part of his profit. His home is supplied chiefly from his own little domain and farm buildings. He need never buy milk, butter, or vegetables; and he fattens his own pork. Besides that, the butcher, baker, and grocer may be paid in great measure from the home produce, by way of barter. His rent is set down, with the taxes, at 100*l.*, which ought to infer a sufficiently comfortable dwelling-house. And, with rent and taxes included, taking into account his special arrangements with the indispensable tradesmen mentioned above, his total outgoings are to be slightly under 400*l.*, while the receipts, comprising the home consumption, will be somewhat in excess of it. And this briefly is the way in which he is to manage, in order to arrive at a result so desirable. He has rented thirty acres. He lays twelve acres out of the thirty down in grass; two are reserved for yard, garden, and orchard; seven for growing various kinds of corn; and the rest for potatoes, roots, and field vegetables. He keeps a couple of useful horses, that may plough or go in a carriage; with eight cows, besides pigs. The cows are to be almost entirely stall-fed, as they always are by the frugal peasant-proprietors on the Continent. Thus nine acres of his grassland may be left to be mown for the home-feeding. The yield of wheat should supply bread enough for the year; the barley he raises will feed his pigs and poultry, while the oats will suffice for the horses. The main sources of his actual profits are in the potatoes, dairy, pigs, calves, and poultry. Mr. Long takes the yield of potatoes at a minimum of five tons to the acre. If of well-selected sorts, they ought to sell at from 10*l.* to 12*l.* per ton; and with thirteen tons to spare for the market, that gives no less than 135*l.* in shape of receipts. The sales of butter, after deducting the grocery account, come to 100*l.* in round numbers; the pigs, after paying the butcher's bill, ought to bring in 130*l.*; while the poultry-yard will be good for another 100*l.*, and the calves for 30*l.* more. Mr. Long has evidently felt in drawing out his tables that those results would be at least as surprising as satisfactory. For he protests beforehand that he has no idea of straying into the regions of the impossible; and has merely considered "what may be realized by dint of care, attention, and industry." While he adds *per contra* and by way of postscript to his balance-sheets, that the several items, as he has set them down, are almost all of them capable of great extension. The returns on the single article of calves might be doubled at the least; while much more might be made of the pigs and poultry. But we imagine that most people would be more than contented, even were their incomings materially within his margins.

There are certain simple, but golden, rules laid down for the guidance of the farmer. In the first place, he must look well before he leaps, and take care to select his locality judiciously. Next, in taking so small a holding on lease, he ought to be able to secure full liberty of action, or, at all events, be free from the crippling routine of hard and fast covenants and rules of cropping. Necessarily he must practise systematic economy. But, at the same time, it is shortsighted folly to grudge giving a good price for a good article. Thus there could be no more fatal saving than buying cows that are beginning to be worn out, or even past their prime; while it is self-evident that in the matter of his manures he must be liberal both as to quality and quantity. *A propos* to manure, nothing is to be wasted; and even the refuse of almost everything that comes out of the soil should be returned to it in one shape or another. The small farmer must have the faculty of judicious combination, and his whole systems of feeding and cropping should be arranged with the most minute consideration as to dovetailing their separate parts. He must be intelligent, of course, and have something of the natural bent of the late Mr. Mechi, whom Mr. Long, by the way, repeatedly quotes. He must specially study the character of the soil, not only with regard to the cropping, but to the methods of tillage, and he must never be sparing of labourers' wages. Spade husbandry, with its thorough stirring of the land, is much to be commended within his manageable limits; yet there is such a thing, on the other hand, as going to work too thoroughly. After a field has been brought into high condition at great expense, an unkindly substratum may be forced to the surface.

Much must depend on the proper choice of seeds, roots, or breeds of animals, and there Mr. Long's experienced advice will be found invaluable. Thus, in potatoes, which, as we have seen, are almost to be the farmer's mainstay, there are tubers which are predisposed to disease, while others appear to be practically safe from it. The size and quality will of course essentially affect the price, while there is a great deal in the manner of sowing. It has been very much the practice to throw aside the smallest and poorest roots for seed, and we need hardly say there can be no more false economy. So with the pigs, some breeds of which fatten more quickly than others on a far smaller allowance of food, to say nothing of their superiority of flesh and the comparative absence of bone. Of the necessity of exercising a wise discretion in the selection of poultry we need hardly speak. Some fowls lay eggs in abundance but will not sit; others do less in the way of

* *Farming in a Small Way.* By James Long, Author of "Poultry for Prizes and Profit," &c. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1881.

laying, but are admirable nursing mothers; while there are others, again, that fetch comparatively little at the poulterer's, owing to the colour of the flesh, or even the tint of the skin. We confess that Mr. Long has given us a new "wrinkle" in strongly recommending the Plymouth Rock. He tells us that it is an American bird with Asiatic blood in its veins. "It is perhaps equal to anything yet described as a farmer's fowl; it is, *par excellence*, a fowl for all, possessing every qualification for profit. It is large, very hardy, tame, a fine layer of large yellow eggs, very plump and tender on the table; it is precocious, and a quick grower; and, moreover, a fine sitter and mother." It would be difficult to say more in its praise; and though he mentions that as yet they are rare in England, we shall expect them to become common ere long. The chapter on cows and dairy management is admirable—it contains some interesting notes, by the by, on foreign cheeses—but the subject is so wide that we dare not even touch it. For the same reason, we hardly venture to follow Mr. Long into the garden and orchard, though there also he is well worth consulting as to the most suitable seeds and plants for different seasons and situations. He dwells on the propriety of utilizing each inch of space with seedlings that may be shifted elsewhere in the garden or even transferred to the fields; though all that can only be carried out by the ungrudging use of fertilizers. In laying out an orchard, he points out that special care must be taken in examining the subsoil to which the plants will strike their roots. The trees will pine and wither away should they get down to wet. The more hardy fruits will necessarily pay the best in such a climate as ours; and Mr. Long refers especially to the profit that may be made by apples, if the grower can dispense with the services of a middleman. "If he is able to store apples with safety, he could almost make his own price in the winter." With regard to fruit bushes and trees, two suggestions of his have struck us. One is, that gaps in hedges might be advantageously filled up with gooseberry bushes. The other relates to growing vines in the open air. In many localities where they fail the failure is set down to the climate. Mr. Long considers that success depends rather on the exposure and the variety of the vine than on temperature. There are plenty of hardy sorts to be procured, and he says, "if a suitable grape is grown, we can see no reason why every south wall and every cottage porch should not be ornamented with glorious clusters which would add so much to the pleasure of the occupants." There are a variety of minor matters besides which are pleasantly and instructively treated, from game, dogs, and bees, down to rabbits, rats, and ferrets. All we have attempted is to give some general idea of the contents of a volume which deserves to be studied by every resident in the country who takes an interest in country pursuits.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

THE UNITED STATES.

The Annual Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW, including postage to any part of the United States, is £1 10s. 4d., or \$1 58 gold, and may be forwarded direct to the Publisher, Mr. DAVID JONES, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, or to Mr. B. F. STEVENS, American Agency, 4 Trafalgar Square, London. International Money Orders can be sent from any office in the United States, and Subscriptions, payable in advance, may commence at any time.

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Will Open on Monday, May 2.

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THE ANNUAL SPRING EXHIBITION of High-class PICTURES by BRITISH and FOREIGN ARTISTS, including Professor Leopold CARL MÜLLER'S picture, "An Encampment outside Cairo," is NOW OPEN, at ARTHUR TOUTH & SON'S GALLERY, 5 Haymarket. Admission, 1s.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120 Pall Mall.—The TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of PICTURES by Artists of the Continental Schools (including Portraits of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Prince Bismarck, Count Molke, Dr. Dollinger, and other works by Franz Lenbach), is NOW OPEN. Admission, 1s.

ON and after May 1 the PAINTING of the celebrated Russian Artist AIVAZOVSKY will be ON VIEW for a short time only at the FALL MALL GALLERY, 45 Pall Mall, S.W. The famous Paintings, "COLUMBUS'S SHIP IN A STORM," and "COLUMBUS LANDING ON THE ISLAND OF SAN SALVADOR," are alone worth seeing. His Continental reputation among Art Critics and Royalty (for whom he has executed several works of art) in Italy, Rome, France, and Russia has long been established, and should tempt admirers of fine original paintings to take an early opportunity of seeing his celebrated Pictures.—Admission, 1s. Fridays, 2s. 6d. Catalogue, with Biography of Artist, 6d.

ROYAL LITERARY FUND.—The NINETY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the Corporation will take place in Willis's Rooms, on Wednesday, May 4, at 6.30 for 7 precisely. His Excellency the Hon. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, United States Minister, in the Chair. Tickets, 21s. each, may be obtained from the Stewards and from the Secretary, OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, Secretary. 7 Adelphi Terrace, W.C.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION, For the Relief of Distressed Artists, their Widows and Orphans. The ANNIVERSARY DINNER will take place in Willis's Rooms, on Saturday, May 14, at six o'clock. The Right Hon. the EARL of ROSEBURY in the Chair. Donations will be received and thankfully acknowledged by: JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A., Honorary Secretary. PHILIP CHARLES HARDWICK, Treasurer. F. L. PRICE, Secretary, 24 Old Bond Street, W. Dinner Tickets, including Wines, One Guinea.

ART-UNION of LONDON.—The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING to receive the Council's Report, and to distribute the Amount subscribed for the Purchase of Works of Art for the year 1881, will be held in the Royal Adelphi Theatre on Tuesday, April 26, at Half-past Eleven for Twelve o'clock precisely, by the kind permission of Messrs. A. and S. Gatti. LEWIS POOCK, Hon. Sec. 112 Strand. E. E. ANTHROBUS.

GUYS HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.—The SUMMER SESSION will commence on Monday, May 2. The Hospital includes special departments for the Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Skin, &c. CLASSES are held in the Hospital for Students preparing for the Examinations of the University of London, and Junior Examining Boards. House Surgeons, Dressers, and Clinical Assistants are selected from the Students according to merit, and without extra payment. The Prizes and Scholarships are awarded for proficiency in the several branches of Medical study. Two Scholarships of 125 Guineas each, to be awarded next September, are open to Students who enter in the Summer Session.—For Prospectus, and further information, apply to the DEAN, Guy's Hospital, S.E.

GUYS HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.—ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS. Two open Scholarships, each of 125 Guineas, tenable for one year, will be open for competition on Monday, September 26, 1881, and following days. Open Scholarships in Science: the Subjects of Examination are Physics, Inorganic Chemistry, Botany, and Zoology. Open Scholarships in Arts: Subjects—Latin, Euclid, Algebra, Arithmetic, French and Greek, or German.—For further particulars and conditions apply to the DEAN, Guy's Hospital, S.E.

THE Council of Firth College, Sheffield, intend to appoint a PRINCIPAL, who shall also be Professor either in the Literary or in the Mechanical Department of the College.

These Departments will comprehend respectively the following subjects: 1. Classics, History, Literature, Political Economy, Moral Science. 2. Mathematics, Mechanics, Engineering, Geology, Physics. Applicants are requested to state in which of these Departments they would be prepared to act as Professor, and which of the Subjects in that Department they would be prepared to undertake. The Salary of the said Principal will be £300 per annum, with Half the Fees of his own Classes. The Council will only make the appointment in event of suitable candidates presenting themselves.

Candidates are requested to give full particulars concerning age, experience, and any Academic distinctions they may have gained, together with any other information likely to affect the decision of the Council. The names of three gentlemen to whom references may be made should be given, but no testimonials need be sent unless they are asked for.

Applications to be sent on or before the 25th day of April next, to Firth College, Sheffield, March 24, 1881. ENSOR DRURY, Registrar.

LANDSCAPE GARDENING.—STUDENTS for the Profession will be received by Mr. EDWARD MILNER in the Crystal Palace Company's School of Gardening and Practical Floriculture after May 1.—For Prospectus, apply to the Under-signd at the Palace. F. K. J. SHENTON, Superintendent of the School of Art, Science, and Literature.

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GIRTON COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

The next ENTRANCE EXAMINATION will be held at the London University, Burlington Gardens, W., and in Manchester, and will begin on Monday, June 13. Forms of Entry should be filled up and sent, on or before April 30, to the Secretary, Mrs. CHOOK ROBERTSON, 31 Kensington Park Gardens, London, W., from whom information may be obtained.

The CLOTHWORKERS' EXHIBITION, of the value of 80 Guineas a year for Three years, will be awarded in connection with this Examination.

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THE NORTH LONDON COLLEGIATE SCHOOL for GIRLS, Sandall Road, Camden Road, N.W. The SUMMER TERM will commence on Thursday, April 28, 1881.

THE CAMDEN SCHOOL for GIRLS, Prince of Wales Road, N.W. The SUMMER TERM will commence on Tuesday, April 26, 1881.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE. — There will be an ELECTION in June to FIVE OPEN SCHOLARSHIPS. No Boy is eligible who is under Twelve or over Fourteen on June 1. — For particulars apply to the BURSAR (C. H. LAKE, Esq.), Wellington College, Wokingham.

RADLEY COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS. — There will be an ELECTION to TWO SCHOLARSHIPS in June next: Sewell Scholarship, value £25, during stay at the School, and a Junior Scholarship, value £20, for four years, to which an Exhibition of £15 may be added. Boys must have been under 14 on January 1, 1881. Examination begins June 15. For further particulars, apply to the WARDEEN, Radley College, Abingdon.

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Sewers' Office, Guildhall, March 31, 1881.

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